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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IX | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1932 | NUMBER 6

There Is Hope

"ADVERSITY," said Francis Bacon, "is not without its comforts and its hopes." This unction, we think, the book business may lay to its soul, for if the depression has straitened the industry in the very strongholds of publishing it has not been without its compensations in a general improvement in the character of books. The lists for the Fall are good, far better than they have been for several seasons past, weeded of much of the kind of thing that has cluttered up the bookshops in recent years, and if not holding certainty of spectacular success yet offering the prospect of excellent reading. There is a marked decrease of the topical work—the work that is rushed into print to catch the fancy of the moment and which is dead the day after it is born, fewer novels of sensational or vapid sort, a smaller number of biographies that are merely a rehash of old material, fewer travel books of made-to-order type. This on the negative side. On the positive is the fact that important works which the publishers have held lest launching them in the high tide of depression might mean scuttling them out of hand are about to be released, that the fiction that is to come boasts novels by such writers as Ellen Glasgow, Edith Wharton, E. M. Delafield, Pearl Buck, and Rosamund Lehmann among the women, Marcel Proust, Hugh Walpole, Frank Swinnerton, David Garnett, Sherwood Anderson, and Du Bose Heyward among the men, that there are biographies announced of high interest—lives of Walter Scott, George Eliot, the Jameses, Grover Cleveland, General Sherman—based on original research and casting new light on vigorous personalities, that long narrative poems of important authorship are about to appear, and that Americana not of the sensational, annals-of-crime type so popular a few years since, but good, colorful material that is history in its most readable form, is on the press. Surely this is of good augury,—there is hope here for the reader, hope, too, for the publisher.

There is hope for the publisher, to be particular, for what the book trade, like the rest of business, needs is the re-establishment of confidence in the mind of the public. What it needs is the reader's belief that his faith will not be betrayed, that his dollars are going for worth not mediocrity, that as to that worth he can place reliance on the publisher's judgment, and that the book he buys is offered him not because it may possibly become a best-seller, or because through it an old author is to be held to his allegiance or a new one brought into the fold, but because it is a book worth the printing and the reading.

The best way to make bookbuyers is to make booklovers. The best way to make booklovers is to feed readers good books. And the best way to feed readers good books is not to print bad ones. We for one are convinced that because publishers are preparing to produce less bad or commonplace books this Fall than they did last year and the year before and the year before that, they will sell more books in the months to come than they did in 1930, or 1931, or the part of 1932 that is gone. We profoundly hope they do. And we mean to do our part to help them by searching out and proclaiming the good book every time we see it, and by damning the bad one when we happen upon it.

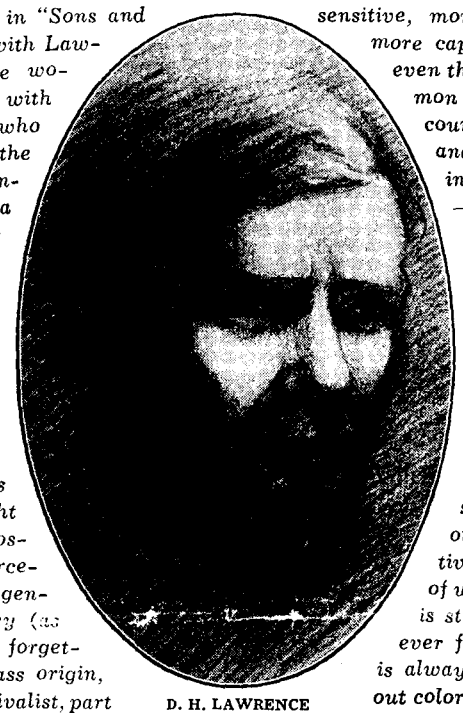
Lawrence on Love

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE

THESE letters and the introductory paragraphs by Aldous Huxley are from "The Letters of D. H. Lawrence," a full and vivid record of one of the most interesting men of our times, shortly to be published by the Viking Press. The letters we publish below (here appearing for the first time in print) are chiefly from the period centering in "Sons and Lovers." They deal with Lawrence's love for the woman (later his wife) with whom he eloped and who was to remain in the most intimate relationship with him for a lifetime. And one or two deal with the loves of other men and women, notably the extraordinary letter to Middleton Murry as to his marriage with Katherine Mansfield, a letter which displays that intuitive insight which Lawrence possessed to a degree scarcely equalled in his generation. Part cockney (as he says) and never forgetting his working-class origin, part Puritan and revivalist, part mystic of the senses, and all artist in spite of the passion of propaganda which obsessed him, Lawrence was one of the representative men of the new age, whose influence was and is great, whose sincerity was unchallengeable, whose originality was complete. In these letters, and still more in the collection as a whole, those who have thought of him as morbid, erotic, and feverish will find that they erred. He was one of the great lovers of life, passionately wreaking his great powers upon a public opinion that he believed sterilized by intellectualism or sodden in indifference. He is the John Bunyan of the dark forces which he believed were the salvation of men.

But Aldous Huxley has admirably characterized him in the Introduction to these letters:

"'Different and superior and kind.' I think almost everyone who knew him well must have felt that Lawrence was this. A being, somehow, of another order, more sensitive, more highly conscious, more capable of feeling than even the most gifted of common men. He had, of course, his weaknesses and defects, he had his intellectual limitations—limitations which he seemed to have deliberately imposed upon himself. But these weaknesses and defects and limitations did not affect the fact of his superior otherness. They diminished him quantitively, so to speak; whereas the otherness was qualitative. Spill half your glass of wine and what remains is still wine. Water, however full the glass may be, is always tasteless and without color.



D. H. LAWRENCE

"To be with Lawrence was a kind of adventure, a voyage of discovery into newness and otherness. For, being himself of a different order, he inhabited a different universe from that of common men—a brighter and intenser world, of which, while he spoke, he would make you free. He looked at things with the eyes, so it seemed, of a man who had been at the brink of death and to whom, as he emerges from the darkness, the world reveals itself as unfathomably beautiful and mysterious. For Lawrence, existence was one continuous convalescence; it was as though he were newly reborn from a mortal illness every day of his life."

Icking, by München,
2 June, 1912.

To Mrs. S. A. Hopkin.

DEAR MRS. HOPKIN,—

Although I haven't heard from you, I'll get a letter off to you, because to people I like, I always want to tell my good news. When I came to Germany I came with Mrs. ——— went to Metz with her. Her husband knows all about it—but I don't think he will give her a divorce—only a separation. I wish he'd divorce her, so we could be married. But that's as it is.

I came down from the Rhineland to Munich last Friday week. Frieda met me there, in Munich. She had been living with her sister in a village down the Isar Valley, next village to this. We stayed in Munich a night, then went down to Benerberg for eight days. Benerberg is about 40 kilometers from Munich, up the Isar, near the Alps. This is the Bavarian Tyrol. We stayed in the Gasthaus zur Post. In the morning we used to have breakfast under the thick horse-chestnut trees, and the red and white flowers fell on us. The garden was on a ledge, high over the river, above the weir, where the timber rafts floated down. The Loisach—that's the river—is pale jade green, because it comes from glaciers. It is fearfully cold and swift. The people were all such queer Bavarians. Across from the inn, across a square full of horse-chestnut trees, was the church and the convent, so peaceful, all white-washed, except for the minaret of the church, which has a black hat. Every day, we went out for a long, long time. There are flowers so many they would make you cry for joy—alpine flowers. By the river, great hosts of globe flowers, that we call bachelor's buttons—pale gold great bubbles—then primulas, like mauve cowslips, somewhat—and queer marsh violets, and orchids, and lots of bell-flowers, like large, tangled, dark-purple harebells, and stuff like larkspur, very rich, and lucerne, so pink, in the woods, lilies of the valley—oh, flowers, great wild mad profusion of them, everywhere. One day we went to a queer old play done by the peasants—this is the Ober-Ammergau country. One day we went into the mountains, and sat, putting Frieda's rings on our toes, holding our feet under the pale green water of a lake, to see how they looked. Then we go to Wolfratshausen where Frieda's sister has a house—like a chalet—on the hill above the white village. . . .

The world is wonderful and beautiful and good beyond one's wildest imagination. Never, never, never could one conceive what love is, beforehand, never. Life *can* be great—quite godlike. It *can* be so. God be thanked I have proved it.

You might write to us here. Our week of honeymoon is over. Lord, it was lovely. But this—do I like this better?—I like it so much. Don't tell anybody. This is only for the good to know. Write to us.

D. H. LAWRENCE.

Icking bei München, Isarthal,
3 July, 1912.

To Edward Garnett.

DEAR GARNETT,—

Your news of the *Trespasser* is rather cheering. Everything else is pretty bad. There are storms of letters from England, imploring her to renounce for ever all her ideas of love, to go back and give her life to her husband and her children ——— would have her back, on those conditions. The children are miserable, missing her so much. She lies on the floor in misery—and then is fearfuliy angry with me because I won't say "stay for my sake." I say "decide what you want most, to live with me and share my rotten chances, or go back to security, and your children—decide for yourself—choose for *yourself*." And then she almost hates me, because I won't say "I love you—stay with me whatever happens." I *do* love her. If she left me, I do not think I should be alive six months hence. And she won't leave me, I think. God, how I love her—and the agony of it. She is a woman who also makes a man suffer, by being blind to him when her anger or resentment is roused. She is staying in Wolfratshausen with her sister's children for the four nights—her sister is away, and the nurse has just left. The letters today have nearly sent us both crazy. I didn't know life was so hard. But really, for me, it's been a devilish time ever since I was born. But for the fact that when one's got a job on, one ought to go through with it, I'd prefer to be dead any minute. I can't bear it when F. is away. I could bang my head against the wall, for relief. It's a bit too much.

My dear Garnett, at this eleventh hour I love you and understand you a bit. Don't sympathize with me, don't.

Yours sincerely,
D. H. LAWRENCE.

Lago di Garda (Brescia),
17 Jan., 1913.

To Ernest Collings.

DEAR COLLINGS,—

Your letters are as good as a visit from somebody nice. I love people who can write reams and reams about themselves:

This Week

"THE RIPENING."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"THE SHELTERED LIFE."
Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

"THE STRANGE RIVER."
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN.

"SOLDIER AND GENTLEWOMAN."
Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON.

"THE JOURNEY INWARD."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"SOCIALIST PLANNED ECONOMY."
Reviewed by CALVIN B. HOOVER.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

IMMORTALITY. By L. P. JACKS.

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it seems generous. And the points are interesting. What a rum chap you are! Are you a celibate? (Don't answer if you don't want to—I'm a married man, or ought to be.) Your work seems too—too—one-sided (I've only seen a tiny bit of it, as you know)—as if it were *afraid* of the female element—which makes me think you are more or less a Galahad—which is not, I believe, good for your art. It is hopeless for me to try to do anything without I have a woman at the back of me. And you seem a bit like that—not hopeless—but too uncertain. Böcklin—or somebody like him—daren't sit in a café except with his back to the wall. I daren't sit in the world without a woman behind me. And you give me that feeling a bit: as if you were uneasy of what is behind you. Excuse me if I am wrong. But a woman that I love sort of keeps me in direct communication with the unknown, in which otherwise I am a bit lost. . . .

My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what our blood feels and believes and says, is always true. The intellect is only a bit and a bridle. What do I care about knowledge. All I want is to answer to my blood, direct, without fribbling intervention of mind, or moral, or what-not. I conceive a man's body as a kind of flame, like a candle flame, forever upright and yet flowing: and the intellect is just the light that is shed on to the things around. And I am not so much concerned with the things around—which is really mind—but with the mystery of the flame forever flowing, coming God knows how from out of practically nowhere, and being *itself*, whatever there is around it, that it lights up. We have got so ridiculously mindful, that we never know that we ourselves are anything—we think there are only the objects we shine upon. And there the poor flame goes on burning ignored, to produce this light. And instead of chasing the mystery in the fugitive, half-lighted things outside us, we ought to look at ourselves, and say, 'My God, I am myself!' That is [illegible]

flame isn't a flame because it lights up two, or twenty objects on a table. It's a flame because it is itself. And we have forgotten ourselves. We are Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. We cannot be.

FRIEDA.

"To be or not to be"—it is the question with us now, by Jove.—And nearly every Englishman says "Not to be." So he goes in for Humanitarianism and suchlike forms of not-being. The real way of living is to answer to one's wants. Not "I want to light up with my intelligence as many things as possible" but "For the living of my full flame—I want that liberty, I want that woman, I want that pound of peaches, I want to go to sleep, I want to go to the pub and have a good time, I want to look a beastly swell today, I want to kiss that girl, I want to insult that man." Instead of that, all these wants, which are there whether-or-not, are utterly ignored, and we talk about some sort of ideas. I'm like Carlyle, who, they say, wrote 50 volumes on the value of silence. . . .

Yours,
D. H. LAWRENCE.

Golfo della Spezia, Italy,
Thursday (1913).

To J. M. Murry.

DEAR MURRY,—

I'm going to answer your letter immediately, and frankly.

When you say you won't take Katherine's money, it means you don't trust her love for you. When you say she needs little luxuries, and you couldn't bear to deprive her of them, it means you don't respect either yourself or her sufficiently to do it.

It looks to me as if you two, far from growing nearer, are snapping the bonds that hold you together, one after another. I suppose you must both of you consult your own hearts, honestly. She must see if she really *wants* you, wants to keep you and to have no other man all her life. It means forfeiting something. But the only principle I can see in this life, is that one *must* forfeit the less for the greater. Only one must be thoroughly honest about it.

She must say. "Could I live in a little [illegible] about the bush. In the way you go on, you are inevitably coming apart. She is perhaps beginning to be unsatisfied with you. And you can't make her more satisfied by being unselfish. You must say, "How can I make myself most healthy, strong, and satisfactory to myself and to her?" If by being lazy for six months, then be lazy, and take her money. It doesn't matter if she misses her luxuries: she won't die of it. What luxuries do you mean?

If she doesn't want to stake her whole life and being on you, then go to your University abroad for a while, alone. I warn you, it'll be hellish barren.

Or else you can gradually come apart in London, and then flounder till you get your feet again, severally, but be clear about it. It lies between you and Katherine, nowhere else.

Of course you can't dream of living long without work. Couldn't you get the *Westminster* to give you *two* columns a week, abroad? You must *try*. You must stick to criticism. You ought also to plan a book, either on some literary point, or some man. I should like to write a book on English heroines. You ought to do something of that sort, but not so cheap. Don't try a novel—try essays—like Walter Pater or somebody of that style. But you *can* do something *good* in that line; something concerning *literature* rather than life. And you must rest, and you and Katherine must heal, and come together, before you do *any serious* work of any sort. It's the split in the love that drains you. You see, while she doesn't really love you, and is not satisfied, *you* show to frightful disadvantage. But it would be a pity not to let your mind flower—it might, under decent circumstances, produce beautiful delicate things, in perception and appreciation. And *she* has a right to provide the conditions. But not if you don't trust yourself nor her nor anybody, but go on slopping, and pandering to her smaller side. If you work yourself sterile to get her chocolates, she will most justly detest you—she is *perfectly* right. She doesn't want you to sacrifice yourself to her, you fool. Be more natural, and positive, and stick to your own guts. You spread them on a tray for her to throw to the cats.

If you want things to come right—if you are ill and exhausted, then take her money to the last penny, and let her do her own housework. Then she'll know you love her. You can't blame her if she's not satisfied with you. If I haven't had enough dinner, you can't blame *me*. But you fool, you squander yourself, not for *her*, but to provide her with petty luxuries she doesn't really want. You insult her. A woman unsatisfied must have luxuries. But a woman who loves a man would sleep on a board.

ALDOUS HUXLEY AND D. H. LAWRENCE.

It strikes me you've got off your lines, somewhere you've not been man enough: you've felt it rested with your honor to give her a place to be proud of. It rested with your honor to give her a man to be satisfied with—and satisfaction is never accomplished even physically unless the man is strongly and surely himself, and only be satisfied with what you *are*.

And you don't know what you are. You've never come to it. You've always been dodging round, getting Rhythms and flats and doing criticism for money. You are a fool to work so hard for Katherine—she hates you for it—and quite right. You want to be strong in the possession of your own soul. Perhaps you will only come to that when this affair of you and her has gone crash. I should be sorry to think that—I don't believe it. You must save yourself, and your self-respect, by making it complete between Katherine and you—if you devour her money till she walks in rags, if you are both outcast. Make her certain—don't pander to her—stick to *yourself*—do what you *want* to do—don't *consider* her—she hates and loathes being considered. You insult her in saying you wouldn't take her money.

The University idea is a bad one. It would further disintegrate you.

If you are disintegrated, then get integrated again. Don't be a coward. If you are disintegrated your first duty is to yourself, and you may use Katherine—her money and everything—to get right again. You're not well, man. Then have the courage to get well. If you are strong again, and a bit complete, *she'll* be satisfied with you. She'll love you hard enough. But don't you see, at this rate, you distrain on her day by day and month by month. I've done it myself.

Take your rest—do *nothing* if you like for a while—though I'd do a *bit*. Get better, first and foremost—use anybody's money, to do so. Get better—and do things you like. Get yourself into condition. It drains and wearies Katherine to have you like this. What a fool you are, what a fool. Don't bother about her—what she wants or feels. Say, "I am a man at the end of the tether, therefore I became a man blind to everything but my own need." But keep a heart for the long run.

Look. We pay 60 lire a month for this house: 25 lire for the servant; and food is *very* cheap. You could live on 185 lire a month in plenty—and be greeted as "Signoria" when you went out together—it is the same as "Guten Tag, Herrschaften"; that would be luxury enough for Katherine.

Get up, lad, and be a man for yourself. It's the man who dares to take, who is independent, not he who gives.

I think Oxford did you harm.

It is beautiful, wonderful, here.

A ten pound note is 253 lire. We could get you, I believe, a jolly nice apartment in a big garden, in a house alone, for 80 lire a month. Don't waste yourself—don't be silly and floppy. You know what you *could* do—you *could* write—then prepare yourself: and first make Katherine at rest in her love for you. Say "This I will certainly do"—it would be a relief for her to hear you. Don't be a child—don't keep that rather childish charm. Throw everything away, and say, "Now I act for my own good, at last."

We are getting gradually nearer again, Frieda and I. It is very beautiful here. . . .

D. H. LAWRENCE.

Florence, 3 Aug. 1927.

To Dr. Trigant Burrow.

DEAR TRIGANT BURROW,—

. . . Do you know somebody who said: *On connaît les femmes, ou on les aime; il n'y a pas de milieu?* It's Frenchy, but I'm not sure it isn't true. I'm not sure if [illegible] her. Love means the pre-cognitive flow [illegible] neither strictly has a mind—it is the honest state before the apple. Bite the apple, and the love is killed. Between man and woman it's a question of understanding or love, I am almost convinced.

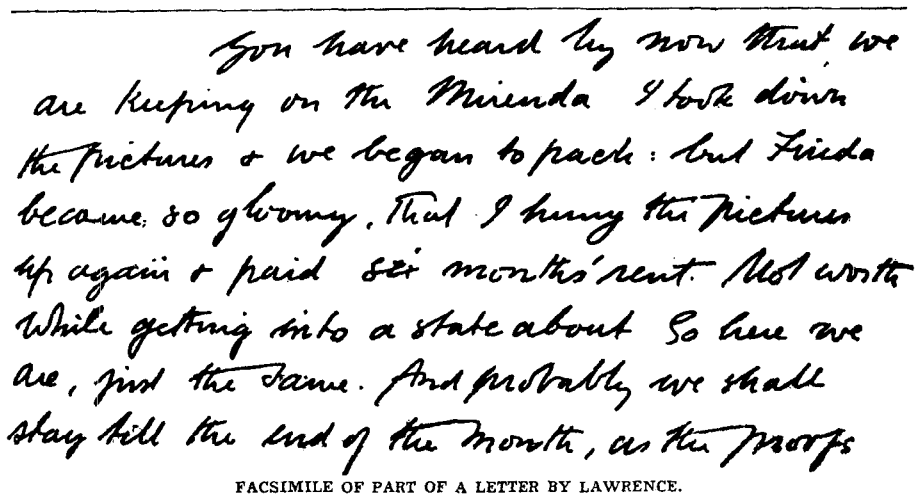
"Where the apple reddens never pry
Lest we lose our Edens, you and I——"

The Edens are so badly lost anyhow. But it was the apple, not the Lord, did it. There is a fundamental antagonism between the mental cognitive mode and the naïve or physical or sexual mode of consciousness. As long as time lasts, it will be a battle or a truce between the two. How to prevent suburbia spreading over Eden (too late! it's done)—how to prevent Eden running to a great wild wilderness—there you are. But you're wrong, I *think*, about marriage. Are you married?

How to regain the naïve or innocent soul—how to make it the man within man—your "societal"; and at the same time keep the cognitive mode for defences and adjustments and "work"—*voilà!*

As for myself, I'm in despair. I've been in bed this last week with bronchial—hemorrhages. . . . But I'm better—shaky—shaky—and we're going to Austria tomorrow D. V.—whoever D. may be—to the mountains. . . .

D. H. LAWRENCE.



FACSIMILE OF PART OF A LETTER BY LAWRENCE.

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Colette

THE RIPENING. By COLETTE. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.

A LESSON IN LOVE. By COLETTE. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

IN "A Lesson in Love" Colette says, in discussing her own work with one of the characters, "Why was I not able to resist all masculine influence and create a character, that by its simplicity and perhaps even by a greater resemblance to myself, would be more worthy of enduring fame!" How little readers agree with her dissatisfaction at the type she has made her own can be seen in the popularity, growing even in Anglo-Saxon countries, of her fragile, bitter-sweet adolescent girls. No one else has been able to catch that hesitant moment, just before womanhood is accepted but after girlhood has been discarded, with anything like the perverse completeness of Colette's strange little heroines. They have such shining, innocent surfaces, and such amazing depths of ancient feminine guile beneath.

"The Ripening" tells the story of the last few weeks of childhood for a boy and girl, brings them on the final page to grown-upness, and leaves them to the world. The parents here are like most of the parents in Colette's novels; their ideas about their own children are so entirely satisfactory to them that they never discover anything that is going on under their very eyes. The children appear at table and play the roles the parents have conceived for them; they disappear after meals into their own natural lives of a quality that would surely disturb the parental hair if even slightly suspected.

The boy and the girl, Philippe and Vinca, are running a race towards adulthood. Any sign of advanced knowledge or superior behavior in one is a source of agony to the other. There is an understood engagement between the two during this summer spent at the seashore with their families. Vinca triumphs at first, she manages herself without awkwardness, and seems to have reserves of mystery that baffle and irritate Philippe. Then the Lady in White appears, and Philippe's initiation into the world of the elders advances by leaps and bounds. Vinca is left just nowhere and is consumed with jealousy. She sees Philippe return to the house in the early dawn, and their common world comes crashing down about her.

The tables turn again in the end, for Vinca is not to be defeated by any Lady in White and actually lures Philippe from all his preconceived ideas of what must be between himself and Vinca. The next morning, repentant, and fearful of the shamed and broken Vinca he expects to meet, Philippe is once more amazed and outdistanced in the race when Vinca appears quite calm and self-sufficient with a hint of a new mystery about her. These young girls of Colette's!

In the brief autobiographical sketch which Colette calls "A Lesson in Love" she describes a summer at her country home where she is surrounded by friends, artists and writers, whom she calls by their names, giving significant little sketches of many whom we have known only from their work before. Some of the sketches are caricatures but give the men or women no less truly for that. The lesson in love is twofold. First, it is the wise and seasoned love for Colette's mother, as shown by letters used as introductions to the chapters. Secondly, it is the denial of love that concerns Colette and a young man very much younger than herself. Both these loves are many-sided, they are not summed up in a word but are dwelt upon suavely and sympathetically, analyzed minutely and without sentiment.

Whatever Colette writes about, one reads about Colette. Not because she is autobiographical in her fiction—nothing irritates her more than to have this assumed—but because the style and the outlook and the two-edged wit have become for her public the woman, Colette.

Maurice Maeterlinck, author of the "Life of the Bee," has had the title of Count conferred on him by the King of the Belgians.

Youth and Age

THE SHELTERED LIFE. By ELLEN GLASGOW. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

A TRUE confusion in values has been evident in some of the most vigorous of recent criticism of American writers. It results from reviewing a book, and especially a novel, as if the worth of the book were to be determined by the probable future of the character types. If the characters and the ideas about them belong to a régime of which the critic disapproves, then he condemns the book as old-fashioned or futile. He seems to forget that some of the greatest books in the world (the Dialogues of Plato for an example) have been written with a social reference to an era already past or passing when the author drew together his reflections. But if the Greece of Socrates was crumbling, the Greek idea lived on. Recent attacks on two such artists in our Victorian past as Mrs. Wharton and Miss Ellen Glasgow have sprung from this prevalent fallacy. Neither the age of innocence nor southern aristocracy seems useful to those who predicate a collectivist state. Hence the art suffers in their eyes because it is born of sympathies which they neither understand nor like. They call these books and these writers reactionary. The term is erroneous. The artist sees life as continuous, whole, and enduring, while reforms, reconstructions, and revolutions make their mark and pass.

ELLEN GLASGOW'S HOME IN RICHMOND, VA.

Miss Glasgow deserves praise from those who are most often her detractors. She is one of the very few writers upon the old and the modern South who understands tradition, who comprehends the intricate values of the life of a "gentleman" or a "lady," and yet never writes sentiment when satire is called for, never perfumes the "bad smell" of decaying gentility, never neglects either the significance of surface or the contradictions of desire and act. She is a realist who deals by preference with material romantic in aspect, and to the admirable competence in narrative expression which the modern school of British novelists of manners have attained, she adds a ruthless analysis and a willingness to conclude with tragedy which they more and more seem to lack.

And again, she is superb with old age. In the present book I think she has yielded to her own skill, much as an expert tennis player will make of his backhand almost a vice, and yet those who seek an unanswerable argument to their contention that an epoch past should be left on the junk heap, should consider her marvellous old men, with their subtle recognitions of ancient conflicts renewed in other terms by another generation, their secret sympathies with revolt, their wise but untransferable reflections upon social loss and social gain, their irony, their content.

"The Sheltered Life" is a novel like George Eliot's great epics of the will, a story of a great decision. General Archbald, whose youth was spent on a plantation before the Civil War, had suppressed the poet in him, suppressed the humanitarian as far as he could, had lost his first love because she preferred suicide to leaving her husband, had faced the war, and made himself into a successful lawyer in order to weather Reconstruction. And here he is in his seventies and eighties, a man who, like Babbitt, had never had just what he wanted, and now is bound tight by the dependence of a family that his success has sheltered and made dependent. He has kept nothing but his memories of independence, and his love of the beautiful moment, idealized and concrete in his friend, the lovely Mrs. Birdsong, a woman who gave all for the love of her husband, and who represents for him not merely the grace and the nobility of a dead epoch but also its negations, its unwillingness to soil ideas by reality, its beautiful futilities.

Like the bad smell from the chemical plants that are creeping close to the little island of decayed respectability on Washington Street, the taint of dependence is about and among the family. One daughter unhealthily longs for love of which she is congenitally incapable, and adopts invalidism as a possible escape; another breaks through into passion but can break through only crudely; a daughter-in-law has made conformity to make-believe so perfect that as a will she is inescapable. To defy the convention she embodies would be as hard as to go naked in public. And Jenny Blair, whose childhood is traced in a parallelism with the old age of General Archbald, learns nothing in her revolt from protection but that she must enjoy herself, must have her own way, with eyes closed to consequences, must keep her love for Mr. Birdsong and her affection for Mrs. Birdsong both. It is her will, escaped from protection, but undisciplined, unrealistic that brings down the last remains of happiness in a crash. And at the end the old General is again sheltering his family—it was not suicide which killed the weak husband of the lovely Mrs. Birdsong, it was accident!

I am not sure that I have followed Miss Glasgow's program in this carefully studied novel, for the characters and the scene are realized with such intensity that one makes one's own stories about them. She divides her book into "The Age of Make-Believe," "The Deep Past," and "The Illusion," which would seem to represent a spiritual progress in the old General, concluding in a determination to hold fast what he found to have been vital in his past. I think that, like many another novelist, she has injected into her story an unnecessary metaphysics, and this would explain a fault (unusual with her), *longueurs* both in the meditations of the General and in the descriptions of Mrs. Birdsong, understandable as the pinning down of a thesis, but out of harmony with the sure and vivid narrative, the reticent and yet all revealing analysis, of Jenny Blair's adolescent passion, of George Birdsong's errant maleness, of the heroic jealousies of Mrs. Birdsong, of the pathological amorousness of Aunt Etta. The same thing happens when Jane Austen grows moral on the subject of imprudent affections or when George Meredith begins to scintillate on feminism.

But perhaps this fault in a book, the patina of which indicates a ripeness that disarms criticism, is more due to the difficulties of the subject. For it is really General Archbald's story, the story of an old man who looks on, and sees, but cannot act. Hence the action in the novel is an action of youth and middle age—here significant and abundant action leading into life, not away from it, and conducted with all the decorous but dramatic make-believe of gentility upon the very edge of disgrace and disaster. And by contrast it is difficult for the reader to step back, as he must do, into the mind of old age, the mind of the General, where runs the real current of ultimate reality in this story. For the rest are shadows, brilliant, moving shadows, like figures on the moving-picture screen, while in his thought and against his memories, the real, the legitimate stage is set. Miss Glasgow should have helped us more, there is a defect in technique of the whole, though the parts of this novel are so admirable. A second reading would restore the balance, guide the reader (as perhaps even this criticism may help to do); and even in this distressing day of a moth's life for books, this is a novel which may get the double attention which ripe works deserve.

Surrender to the Truth

THE STRANGE RIVER. By JULIAN GREEN. Translated from the French by VYVYAN HOLLAND. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

LIFE, except perhaps for the dullest of human beings, is marked by a series of more or less startling discoveries regarding the world and its inhabitants; and the last that is usually made, if it is ever made at all, is the discovery of oneself. Almost every one of us takes the step from childhood into the world convinced that he is a certain kind of person, a person modelled with reasonable accuracy in imitation of a composite ideal that has been recommended to his budding appreciation by parents, elders, books, and other multifarious authorities. Having been informed as to what is admirable in humanity, he assumes that his own nature does not fall disgracefully short of the standard mark: he assumes that he will bring an adequate intelligence to the conduct of his affairs, that his courage will meet such demands as may be made upon it, that he will be honest in dealings with others, and that kindliness, tolerance, and generosity will companion his days. In short, he assumes that he is a pretty good sort; and it takes years of living with himself to discover the truth if it happens to be otherwise, as, in certain particulars at least, it almost always is. Only after years of the most intimate association with the self that is real, not imagined, do his eyes open to the fact that he is a fool, or a coward, or a cheat, or a common boor. Only when the evidence is finally inescapable does he surrender to the truth.

No discovery could be more important or more dramatic in the life of an individual, no incident seems better suited to serve as the central point in the action of a psychological narrative; and it is around such an incident that Julian Green has written his latest novel. Philip Cléry, aged thirty-one, rich, idle, fairly handsome and well-built, discovers one evening as he is walking home along the Seine that he is a coward. A woman, bullied by a man, and apparently in danger of being thrown into the river, calls to him for help; and Philip runs away. His fine body is worth nothing. He is a

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coward. Years before he had suspected as much, but had thrust the shameful thought from him. No whe knows, and the discovery preys upon his mind—preys upon it through the four months of the novel's action, and through the two hundred odd pages which that action fills—, conditioning his relationships with all about him, with the wife he loes not love and who despises him, with the sister-in-law whom he patronizes and who adores him with suppressed and servile passion, with the small son who was unwanted and in whose presence he vainly tries to fill the role of conventional father. At the end of those four months he is walking by the river again, as he has often done in the meantime, drawn back to it as a murderer is traditionally attracted to the scene of his crime.

What was he searching for? Nothing. He was there because by the river he remembered more things than he did in the streets. His memory spoke to him incessantly of what he had once been, and he grew sentimental as he listened

JULIAN GREEN.

to its voice. There had been a time in his life at which the man he might have been was with him all day long. Philip used to be conscious of that strange presence and eagerly modeled his thoughts on that other man's, to the point of believing at last that a substitution had taken place, and he passed long years in great spiritual contentment. Then in the course of time a certain hour arrived in which the truth manifested itself, like the first far-off summons of death. The man he ought to be did not exist. For a long time now Philip had lived with a sort of ghost, some one of whom only his memory could tell him anything, but whom no one had ever seen. And he could not keep from laughing to himself when he remembered that he had believed in himself, and in his future, and in that morrow whose dawn shines beyond the night of the present, but never comes.

The stuff of an engrossing psychological study is here, surely; but the fact is that I found my interest steadily dwindling as I followed Mr. Green's treatment of his chosen theme,—that theme of infinite potentiality, a man's discovery of himself. He has, in my opinion, made very little of it. In the first place, he has taken an uninteresting, almost stupid fellow as his protagonist; and, as a native writer of Mr. Green's adopted language remarked long years ago, it is difficult to write of stupidity without seeming stupid one's self. He has flanked this protagonist with a wife who is little more than a flitting shadow, and with a sister-in-law whose obsession is a bore. Even were his clinical handling of his selected trio singularly brilliant, his subjects would still fail to engage either the intelligence, the emotions, or the imagination; and it is not brilliant, but slow, long-winded, and laborious. The tale that he tells might have been presented compactly and effectively within the limits of a short story; drawn out to novel length, it is drawn thin indeed. And, to complete the total of adverse criticism, the characters of this attenuated story (even Éliane, possessed by passion) are only half-realized, half-alive creatures who refuse to emerge into the common light of day.

When I turned the last page of this novel I found myself remembering the French mathematician who, after reading Racine's "Iphigenia," put the work from him with a shrug and demanded: *"Qu'est ce que cela prouve?"* It was a silly question, of course, and the puzzled mathematician has long served as a target for critics and artists desirous of taking pot-shots at the scientific mind; but I could only echo him when I came to the end of "The Strange River." What does it prove? Giving my own answer, which anyone is free to contradict, it proves in many of its details that Julian Green is an observant, thoughtful writer, whose talents command a prose style of considerable distinction; but as a whole it proves that the best of talents may sometimes be so spent that they yield a niggardly return.

Obsession in Wales

THE SOLDIER AND THE GENTLEWOMAN. By HILDA VAUGHAN. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON

HILDA VAUGHAN (Mrs. Charles Morgan) is a descendant of old Henry Vaughan the "Silurist" poet and like him is devoted to the country of her birth. This is her fourth novel in the Welsh setting. An English critic says it is "in the great tradition of heroic tragedy." So it is in the sense that it deals with a soul going to ruin for a fixed idea. Gwenllian Einon-Thomas cares for nothing in the world but the family estate, Plâs-Einon, and the established order of which it was once a part. Her imagination lives in the past and her will is bent upon defending it from the present and future. For the sake of the past she even cherishes the memory of the hard-riding, hard-drinking father whose heedlessness has endangered the sacred property. She has less patience with her brothers, since they are of the present. She is able to do a good deal for Plâs Einon while they are at the war front in France. Their deaths there are chiefly regretted because they seem to doom her to exile, Plâs Einon now passing by entail to a cousin whom she has never seen.

Captain "Dickie" was such a person, as readers of British fiction well know, would be hopelessly vulgar, with few h's, no character, and no chin; and these limitations would be bequeathed to her offspring. His new tenantry at once detect his lack of quality, and keep their homage for his cousin Gwenllian, natural mistress of Pâs Einon. She bitterly resents the accident of sex that bars her from the succession. Her reception of Captain Dickie is cold and forbidding, till a second glance reveals to her what may be done with him. Grimly she woos and marries him; in anguish and triumph she brings forth an heir to Pâs Einon—two sons even, for double security. The Captain readily yields her the mastery of Pâs Einon. Gwenllian detests his friends and his habits; and himself as a menace to the stability of Pâs Einon. She wishes him dead, and when fate presently offers her the decision of life or death for him, she turns thumbs down. So Pâs Einon is safe. Gwenllian carries on, ruling her kingdom, ruthlessly moulding her sons to the Einon-Thomas pattern, unsuspected but by her sister Frances. Between these two, for all their contrasts, a bond of natural affection has held firm. Now Frances breaks it without a word. Thenceforth Gwenllian must be altogether alone.

The theme is tragic, the effect would be tragic if we could feel the aching sympathy for Gwenllian and the anguished acceptance of her fate which are the meed of high tragedy. But she is not real enough. The strings that control her are too visible. We do not believe that this figure "hard and dry, like well-seasoned wood" could turn at a moment's notice, by any conceivable fury of the will, into a subtle flatterer, a female skilful in the tricks of sex. In place of pity and terror, she arouses commiseration and distaste. It is the sister Frances, free, generous, and modern, for whom possessions are nothing and adventures are everything—it is this creature of flesh and blood and spirit that we freely believe in. The other is but a type, a wooden image with a tragic mask. Her story is a fable with a moral, no more.

A Slant of Wind

THE JOURNEY INWARD. By KURT HEUSER. Translated by WILLA and EDWIN MUIR. New York: The Viking Press. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

HOW well Kurt Heuser "knows his Africa" I cannot say, nor does it make much difference. Portuguese East Africa would appear to serve as the factual basis for his province of Esperança, but if you or I were to go there we should probably find nothing like Esperança, still less Scorpion, the demon Governor; his sadistic aide, Torpido; the white Diana, Virginia; the somewhat unhealthily precocious planter's daughter, Berna; and all the others, black and white, and the whole panorama of beauty, horror, and seductive exoticism which unrolls in this enthralling book. The more important thing is that this German has imagination and the gift of words. He makes his own Africa, and if it isn't "real," well, then it "ought to be." The novel has its feet on three different levels, so to say, and were not Herr Heuser so full of his subject, this might break its unity. As it is, he sails under such a slant of wind that he sweeps right over potentially sagging shallows and is up and on again before they have become apparent.

There is, for instance, the realistic hero, a young European, psychologically upset by the war, finding no place for himself in the old grooves, come to Africa in search of an essential reality—the "journey inward." A whole novel might well have been made of that. And there is enough actuality and metaphysical curiosity about Jeronimo to make him unusual and interesting, although it must be granted that the "journey inward" is rather sketchily handled, and about all that Jeronimo arrives at is the not particularly profound conclusion that Africa is a pretty disturbing sort of place, that he, at least, wasn't built for solitude, and needs the society of his own kind.

But the journey inward is also a physical journey, from the coast, through the jungle country, and up into the highlands, and it is while on this journey that the young surveyor soaks himself in the exoticism, and runs into all the queer people and hair-raising adventures, that makes up the bulk of the book.

And here are the two other levels. Some of it—the glimpses of black native and of plantation life—represent a sensitive European's fresh, possibly first, impressions of tropical Africa. If it weren't so well done, with such romantic bravura (like all the rest) it might fall into the vein of mere travel talk. And the remainder, and probably the most characteristic part of the novel, is the gallery of portraits, bizarre, creepy sometimes, always intriguing, Scorpion, Torpido, Riquem, Berna, Virginia, and the others, of white people in a black man's continent.

If one were very roughly to characterize Herr Heuser's work in terms of other fiction, one might say that his "line" falls somewhere between Fauconnier's "Malaisie" (one had almost said Conrad) and Rider Haggard. There is authoritativeness, irony, the solid feel of obviously inside knowledge. He has an amusing trick of leading the reader on to look at the jungle negro as a sort of dark-skinned European, only an instant later to have the latter upset the apple-cart with a touch of his bland animalism. The Africa itself is "real," whether regarded realistically, in the ordinary sense, as it sometimes is, or through the eyes of a poet, but most of the people, although they have decided theatric verity, are creatures of fantastic melodrama.

The novel is said to be a first novel, and if so, is well above the ordinary. The man has power, skill, a real romantic gift. Although he ends his tale abruptly, as if he had chopped it off with a pair of shears, leaving his hero hanging in mid-air, so to speak, he writes throughout with unending verve, as if he were only telling the half of it. That slant of wind aforesaid never leaves him, and it picks up the reader and carries him to a strange world whither he is very willing to go. It is a strong, strange, unfamiliar breeze, one that "came from somewhere far away and went to somewhere far away," like the breeze that blew through the forest one night and fanned Kaniburu's campfire.

Stuff and Nonsense!

HOT WATER. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE monumental figure of Senator Opal dominates this latest story by Battling Wodehouse like an Egyptian monolith, Al Capone, or what-have-you. Opal is always clouding up. He is a first-class thunderstorm in himself. Aside from this there are three high spots, for us, in the extravaganza of "Hot Water." Exhibit A is the conversation between Patrick B. Franklyn, "Packy" for short, and J. Wellington Gedge, rather squiffed, on the occasion of the Festival of the Saint at St. Rocque, when Packy tries to engage Mr. Gedge in conversation and thus snare an invitation to "Shattlebissack." We recommend to you pages 97 and 98. Exhibit B is on page 252 where Soup Slattery is found sitting up in bed, reading "Alice in Wonderland." He remarks:

> "Say, perhaps you can tell me. This White Rabbit. I don't get him. What's his racket?"
>
> "Wasn't he going to tea with the Duchess, or something?
>
> "But he's wearing a business suit and carrying a clock."
>
> "Yes."
>
> "Well," said Mr. Slattery, shaking his head, "it don't seem possible to me."

Exhibit C is the introduction of quotations from that famous authority on love, Schwertfeger of Berlin:

> Having around the corner nipped and the good, stiff drink taken [says Schwertfeger—he is still on the theme of the young man disappointed in love], the subject will now all food-nourishment refuse and in 87.06 per cent of cases will for a long and muscle-exercising walk along the high road or across country at a considerable rate of speed and in much soul-agitation go.

Three into two dollars goes, let's see,—well, at sixty and something cents a crack, and to our mind each of those moments is worth seventy-five cents at least as entertainment, you get back the price of the book right there. Of course, now that we've given them to you gratis, so to speak, you may not have to buy the book. But you'd be making a big mistake, as there is an abundance of other moments which your own private judgment may declare even better.

Wodehouse has now thoroughly familiarized himself with American politics and American crime, which are sometimes indistinguishable. He seems as much a citizen of our own dear land as of dear old Albion. In fact we over here have so taken him unto our bosom that we may yet run him for President,—or perhaps Vice President, if Benchley would accept the post of Chief Executive. This is our own solution for the Depression, and the most rational one we have heard yet.

Seriousness, however, aside; we don't have to sell Mr. Wodehouse's books for him. A lot of you are going to buy this anyway and read it because you thoroughly enjoy it and not because you hope to improve your mind. That's what we did.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 9. No. 6.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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From Different Angles

SOCIALIST PLANNED ECONOMY IN THE SOVIET UNION. By V. OSSINSKY and Others. New York: International Publishers. 1932. $1.50.

THROUGH THE COMMUNIST LOOKING-GLASS. By HARRY STEKOLL. New York: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1932. $2.50.

DAWN IN RUSSIA. By WALDO FRANK. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. $2.25.

Reviewed by CALVIN B. HOOVER

THESE three books sharply reflect the differences in personalities as well as in the cultural backgrounds of the authors. Citizen Ossinsky is an old Bolshevik who has occupied important offices in the economic apparatus of the Soviet state since its inception. He has spent some time in the United States and is responsible to a considerable degree for the stimulation of the spirit of competition among Russian Communists for "overtaking and surpassing the technological accomplishments of American capitalism." Mr. Stekoll was born in the Baltic provinces of Russia. He was a member of the Social Revolutionary Party and took part in revolutionary activity until he was eighteen years old. Some years before the October Revolution he came to the United States, where he has been engaged in the oil business. He is a type of the revolutionist turned business man. Mr. Frank is, of course, well known as an intellectual and writer.

Ossinsky's book comprises a report on the subject of planned economy which he and several other Soviet economists presented at the International Planned Economy Conference at Amsterdam in August, 1931. It may almost be summarized by the graph which the publishers constructed and have used as the jacket of the book. This graph shows production in the USSR to have increased by 1932 to about two hundred and forty per cent of the 1926 level, while production in the United States was declining to about sixty per cent of the 1926 level by the same date.

Ossinsky begins by reciting with restrained glee the heavy tale of the economic catastrophe which has overtaken capitalism. He then shrewdly analyzes the difficulties which a capitalistic system must encounter if it attempts to plan, and concludes that economic planning for capitalism is impossible. He sketches the theory and history of planning in Soviet Russia and gives a succinct description of the structure and mechanism of the planning system. Over half of the book, however, is taken up with the narrative of the operation of the Five Year Plan and its economic results.

It is in respect to the results of the operation of the Plan that the impressions of Mr. Stekoll are in sharpest conflict with the statistics of Citizen Ossinsky *et al.* This conflict is the more interesting because it is so characteristic of any and all attempts to analyze the balance sheet of the Soviet experiment. The foreign observer must always be bedeviled by the failure of statistical data to check with his own impressions. The result, curiously enough, is that, although statistical data are totally disregarded by some observers, at least as many others succeed in making their impressions completely conform to the statistics. Mr. Stekoll has chosen the particular horn of the dilemma of reliance upon his own impressions, and allowed statistics to go hang. Since his book is based upon one conducted tour which he made in Russia under the chaperonage of Intourist, the value of his impressions might be doubted. On the contrary, the record of his impressions is a monument to the value of even such a limited view of Soviet Russia to one who retains some degree of skepticism.

Above all, Mr. Stekoll understood the Russian language. Consequently he was able to ask questions without the aid of an interpreter and to make some contacts of his own. His account of the embarrassment of his guides after they found he could understand Russian is amusing. The reviewer might offer the defense of the guides that their interpretation of answers to questions is not alone determined by what they are compelled to say but also by what they think most of the tourists wish to hear.

For the statistics of Ossinsky it cannot be denied that they are real to the extent that they show an amazing progress toward the industrialization of a backward country and a most significant elimination of the twin evils of lack of effective demand and of unemployment which afflict capitalism. For the impressions of Mr. Stekoll it must be said that they offer a much more real measure of the standard of living of the worker and peasant than do the rather fantastic statistics of Ossinsky, which purport to show a rapidly and continuously rising real wage level. It is interesting to note, however, that whereas for industry in general Mr. Stekoll is pessimistic in respect to its productivity, he is seriously alarmed because the great increase of productivity in the Soviet petroleum industry threatens the markets for American oil.

Mr. Frank's book, like Mr. Stekoll's, is based upon a short trip to Russia. He, however, is not concerned with things objective but with matters intangible. He writes of Soviet art and artists, of literature and *littérateurs*, of the status of women in the new life, of the individual in a collective world. His analysis of the life and spirit of Soviet Russia after he is on the boat coming home is more valuable than the record of his impressions as he jotted them down from day to day. Thus, when Mr. Frank first tastes black bread he ecstatically finds in its taste the very flavor and essence of Russia. Later, when he is compelled to rely upon it as the principal article of his diet, he ruefully confesses that it may represent the soul of Russia, but he finds that it lies most uneasily on his stomach. So his analysis is better than his first impressions, for he has had time to submit them to the test of digestion.

Among his conclusions are: that Russia is ruled by a dictatorship of a very small group within the Communist Party; that communism has not yet been attained in Russia, although the Union is now in the transition state towards it; that the "young are moved today by an enthusiasm that may not last: the old are caught in a despair that will not survive them"; that there is a rather close analogy between the rise of Islam and the rise of communism; that economically the Soviet state might accomplish its goal in Russia alone, but culturally communism cannot be attained unless throughout the world. Finally, Mr. Frank warns against a false emulation of Soviet methods and dogmas. "But above all," he says, "we must be loyal—like the men of Russia—to our own needs and institutions."

Calvin B. Hoover is professor of economics at Duke University, and in 1929-1930 was Social Science Research Fellow for the study of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. He is the author of "Economic Life of Soviet Russia."

Frank Swinnerton's novel, "Nocturne," is said by his publishers to have been translated into every European language except Spanish.

Teaching the Russian Idea From "The Land Without Unemployment" (International)

Renascence

A PRINCESS IN EXILE. By MARIE GRAND DUCHESS OF RUSSIA. New York: The Viking Press. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

"SORROW'S crown of sorrow" is not always remembering happier things. It is on occasion remembering tragedy,—the kind of tragedy the Grand Duchess Marie knew and from which imagination shudders away. Not the tragedy of her class, swept from luxury to destitution, nor the tragedy of aristocracy deprived of prerogative, but the tragedy of a woman whose years of exile were punctuated with the news that now her father and three uncles had been put to death by the Bolsheviks, that next an uncle and three cousins had been thrown down a mine shaft and left to perish there miserably of starvation and injuries, or again that an aunt and a step-brother had been murdered in Siberia. An appalling record! And it is history.

But we should be giving a false idea of this new volume of memoirs of the Grand Duchess if we made it appear that its stress went on Russian events. On the contrary; whereas in her first book interest centered entirely on Russia here it is only the aftermath of the Revolution that enters and it is the struggle of the exile to adjust herself to a new existence, the fight to make a livelihood, the still harder battle against ingrained attitudes of mind and habits of living, the effort to cast off the pall of memory and the shadow of horror that make up the Grand Duchess's story.

It is a varied picture that unfolds, one that moves on from Rumania, whose royal house first gave refuge to Marie and her husband, to Paris, and thence to London, and back again to Paris, with an interlude in Biarritz as happier days began to dawn, and which ends almost in sight of the Statue of Liberty. Through it walk kings and queens; Russian friends unfortunate as herself; her brother Dmitri and his American wife; Prince Yusupov, living in London, entertaining lavishly, and in his mistaken belief that notoriety was fame beginning to talk freely of his murder of Rasputin; the King of Sweden, still wanting, despite her divorce from his son, to be called "Father" and anxious to arrange a meeting between Marie and her child,—a host of the great, and the once great. And always Marie herself,—venturing to suggest to Madame Chanel that she embroider a blouse for her when that great dressmaker refused as exorbitant in price the handiwork of another, building up a large workroom of her own, becoming intimately associated with the establishment of Chanel and gradually breaking with her, working in a perfumery shop in London, selling her jewels, first her rubies, then her turquoises, for the money she needed for personal uses and for business, beginning to write, and at last possessed of a desire to come to America and seizing upon an invitation to do so. Always Marie, evolving from the refugee overwhelmed by grief, still imbued with love for the Russia of her past and certain of the impermanence of the Bolshevist rule, into a woman who had proved her ability to meet adversity, and was ready and eager to mould herself to a new order of living.

It is a valiant story and an interesting one, this memoir of Grand Duchess Marie, far less romantic, to be sure, and far less significant, as history than her earlier chronicle, but still one that has a place as part of that portrayal which for future generations will illuminate the passing of an epoch.

Siege Perilous

By JOSEPH AUSLANDER

IS it in Time alone we build
Love's fragile structure, doomed and shaken?
Before the starry hammers are stilled—
And the heart stilled—
That tower is taken.

I have been told, I have heard tell
There is love in the world—but who can find it?
For when I touched the tower, it fell—
And my hand fell—
Death stood behind it.

The first volume of a centenary edition of the Letters of Sir Walter Scott, edited by H. J. C. Grierson, is to appear next month in England. Speaking of it Professor Grierson said recently:

"The first volume of the centenary edition reproduces the letters from about 1778 to 1807. Four of the earliest deal with a boyish love affair of which no account has hitherto been given by any biographer of Scott; and those concerning his next love affair, his well-known wooing of Miss Belches, are here given complete.

"Other letters deal more fully than any writer has yet done with Scott's marriage to the French lady, Charlotte Charpentier, or Carpenter, as she called herself. With the help of a letter which arrived from America, addressed by Scott to Fenimore Cooper, it was possible for the first time to discover the exact years in which she and her brother were born. So little was known of her real origin, and Lockhart's story was so obviously inaccurate, that biographers have been disposed to hold that she and her brother were the children of Lord Downshire, who acted as their guardian. This has now been cleared up, though a good deal of mystery remains regarding her mother's married life, nothing, however, which affects either Scott or Lady Scott."

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE SHELTERED LIFE. By ELLEN GLASGOW. *Doubleday, Doran.*
The novel of a realist who looks with keen insight and understanding upon the romantic South and reflects it with wit and distinction.

A PRINCESS IN EXILE. By MARIE GRAND DUCHESS OF RUSSIA. *Viking.*
Further memoirs of the author of "The Education of a Princess.

METTERNICH. By ARTHUR HERMAN. *Century.*
The biography of a statesman whose influence on European affairs still complicates the present.

This Less Recent Book:

THE CHALLENGE OF THE EAST. By SHERWOOD EDDY. *Farrar & Rinehart.*
One of the most illuminating books on the Orient and its relation to the Western world of recent months.

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The Bowling Green

Human Being

XXXI. EXPECTATION OF LIFE

MINNIE, who had learned some of the hard necessities of self-control, felt a particular tenderness for Jenny Hoerl. There was evident in Jenny that highly specialized surcharge of vitality which most women are so clever to disguise. She had a brilliantly feminine capacity for complicating almost any situation. To some extent she was a conscious artist, but not entirely; she could throw a ripple of invitation into the most casual telephone call without even being aware of it. When she was in the room men's eyes followed her. The advertising artists soon spotted her in the elevator and implored her to come upstairs and pose. Poor Ed Furness, who worshipped her with spaniel humility, became quite lean and sallow with hopeless yearning. His wooing was so obviously futile that it did not get much farther than sending her picture post cards of the hotels he visited on the road. Beneath a chromo of the Hotel Cleveland he would write *Registered here tonight wishing you were the same Respfly yours Ed F.* He confided in Minnie and begged her advice. She told him candidly that he was lacking in Allure, after which he spent much time in the barber shop on the 11th floor of the building.

A close intimacy grew between Minnie and Jenny. At first Minnie, to whom the other turned for counsel in various perplexities, tried conscientiously to avert disaster. She smiled a little sardonically at seeing herself in the role of the guardian of chastity. But she was never one to waste energy on a lost cause. Jenny glowed with radiation too vivid to be disregarded. When the girls had their cottage at the beach Jenny was a sun-bath devotee, long before the days when nudistry became popular. Indeed she was sunburned all over before the drugstores sold remedies for it. They took snap-shots, and the photographer who developed the film took the trouble to deliver the prints to the office himself. "Lady," he said, "I hadn't ought to charge you for that work; it's a pleasure."

Gay, beautiful, and completely mad by any prudential calculus, Jenny was one of those premiums that life puts into the package every now and then, to vary the dull standard of factory product. Minnie, who had a high regard for occasional quiet evenings, was often relieved that she had chosen Peggy and not Jenny as apartment-mate. But she saw, what the say-so of print can never report, the lovely quality that lay beneath the gipsy recklessness. Do you call it faith in living? Dull words for a shining thing. Jenny was comedy, laughter, defiance. She was sweet, Minnie says. Now she has almost settled down (Hubbard had a twinge) and is very happy and domestic. And what does that prove, Hubbard wondered?

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Minnie stood between Jenny and trouble, in large ways and small. For in her job Jenny was superb. When she had been out all night at a dance she arrived at the office still in her ball-gown rather than be late. She ran all the way up the stairs to avoid the homage of the elevator man and burst in on Minnie flushed and panting. Hastily they found a sweater for her to wear over the low corsage; Minnie kept her sitting at the switchboard all day, and brought lunch to her there to prevent discovery. Old Mr. Gall would have been shocked, and even Richard might not quite have understood. (There were definite limits to Richard's understanding.) When Jenny fell into a doze during the afternoon Peggy took the board and Minnie smuggled her up to the advertising studio where there was a couch. The artists clustered about and sketched her as she lay asleep. But even in trance she was a proclamation of frailty. The silver spike of a slipper, the random fall of her dress, the golden crisp of hair softened on her warm neck, the appeal of her hanging hand, all seemed messages To Whom It May Concern. Among the draughtsmen was one cleverer than the rest, who called his drawing *R. S. V. P.*

Jenny was always innocently surprised to find herself once again short-circuited by an emotional storm. Her mind was well-lit; humorous and quick; but when the biological fuse blew out, all her bulbs of caution went black. When there was a crisis of any sort she would come down to Minnie's tiny apartment and spend the night on the sofa. After Peggy had gone to bed the other two would get down to cases in arguing the uneven comedy of Man. It was not fair, they said, to destroy Peggy's delicious illusions; besides, she had to go to confession. "Peg's a romanticist," chaffed Minnie. "She's fallen in love with a line of scum in a bathtub." In fact Peggy had met the bathroom actor on the stairs and said he looked interesting. "His eyes are as blue as special delivery stamps," she said. "Return to sender, wrong address," suggested Minnie. "You've got blue eyes of your own."

Jenny was sitting draped in a big bath-towel with her feet in a pail. She told Peggy she had a chill, and the obliging child had arranged steaming mustard and water. A pink glow crept up her white shins, the light glimmered on her polished knees, her short hair was damp and crinkly as her childish head drooped between her hands. "The trouble with you, darling," said Minnie, "you're just an unconscious Valentine. You can't even eat a ham sandwich at a lunch counter without looking like Juliet on a balcony. When the good Lord made you he certainly went back to first principles."

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First principles have their merits, but they often attract second-rate demonstrators. Shad Roe, coming down to the Flat-iron to take a lunch off Richard, saw Jenny in the elevator. Shad was watching the progress of the stationery business with much interest, and though hampered by the difficulties Minnie put in his way felt that the time was approaching when something might be done about it. When he saw Jenny pass ahead of him into the Roe office he was surprised and pleased. While waiting to see Richard—which Minnie, as usual, contrived to delay for a few minutes; in this case it was an error—he managed a little banter with Jenny. He had just those glib and urbane manners that she enjoyed. His mind, with the instinct of a casting director, rapidly visualized her playing various useful rôles in his own private theatricals. It did not take long for him to convey colorful allusions to the stage; he gave her tickets for a show. Jenny can hardly be blamed for assuming that to be friendly with the Boss's amusing brother was a reasonable form of team-work. Yet by some queer instinct she did not mention it to Minnie when she first went out with Shad. The actor at that time was careful to suggest that secrecy was better; Miss Hutzler, he said, was strangely prejudiced against him; perhaps even jealous of his influence over Richard.

Shad was a spirited companion, and he had for Jenny the glamor of the Great White Way. He was by nature a fast worker, but he could also be a slow one when it suited his purpose. It tickled him to borrow money from Richard to entertain a girl from Richard's own office. Their relations, somewhat to Jenny's surprise, were merely humorous and sociable. Shad spoke vaguely of a confidential theatre enterprise in which Richard would also benefit largely; suggested that Jenny herself should consider a stage career; fascinated her by his familiarity with loud names on Broadway. In return for some amusing evenings Jenny prattled away merrily. Then, since concealment was not natural to Jenny's open heart, an accidental remark of hers informed Minnie of what was happening. "Lay off that bird," said Minnie. "He's no good." When Minnie really meant anything it was unmistakable. Jenny was disappointed, and even shed a few tears; but Minnie's word was law; she laid off.

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Perhaps it was a pity that Richard himself was necessarily apart from much of the small vaudeville of the office. Minnie passed on to him occasional fragments of low comedy, and they laughed at them together; but she was careful not to break down any of the impalpable division which must subsist between employer and staff. She was discretion itself; when Richard heard her Mr. Roeing him round the office he could scarcely believe that they had been related in the most tender equation. So much of one's own experience is completely incredible to the backward gaze.

But partly by Minnie's management and partly by his own enthusiasm, he found for a while complete absorption in work. A young business is a jealous consort. Schemes for the Roe products were with him always, at the board and in bed. Lucille seemed to assume that the fact he was now head of his own concern implied immediate increase of revenue, which was not the case. But she had discovered one admirable anæsthetic in bridge; she was taking lessons in the game from a department store expert, with whom she conducted an agreeable flirtation. This was also a method of stealing a march on Hazel; it was a rich moment when she was able to say casually to her sister that some ladies were coming in that afternoon for bridge. This put Hazel unmistakably behind until she and Herman had also taken a course of lessons. When mah jong arrived, some years later, Hazel took good care to be first: she almost went to meet it on the dock.

Bridge evenings became frequent, and involved some bickering as the two ladies had trained under different codes. Lucille had studied at Gimbel's, while Hazel was tutored in the Macy technique. But Lucille, whose hand had been kissed for luck by her maestro, was loyal to Gimbel rules. Hazel's retort was unromantic: that Lucille had her lessons charged while she herself paid cash. Richard, who was obdurate about learning the game, did not often sit in; sometimes Miss Mac or Sam Erskine were invited up to make a fourth; while they played, Richard helped Gladys with her arithmetic or challenged old Mrs. Geschwindt to a game of checkers. But his mind made use of the suggestion: watching the family group prompted the Roe Bridge Pencil, with bidding figures engraved on a rotary gauge. Also it occurred to him to make up and give away to the railroad companies thick green boards which commuters in the smoking cars place across their knees as temporary card tables. These were printed with advertisements of the Roe novelties; conductors on the suburban trains know them well. You will have seen the homeward quartet, sitting in two facing seats, slapping down their cards on these boards with an air of deviltry. Why is it, Hubbard wondered, that they must raise their arms so high, smack the card down with such bravado? It is their brief pathetic interim of emancipation, perhaps; their only moment of pure choice, effective will. In that forty-minute card game they enjoy the bliss of decisive gesture. Elsewhere—both before and after—they consult the boss.

Certainly it never struck Richard, says Hubbard, that these game boards might serve as a profound psychic release. But if you can find an article that avails as such, and also use it as vehicle for publicity, you touch the nerve of profit. Richard put it better. "Try to get their attention while they're feeling good." He brooded much on what Mr. Gettleman, contact man from the factory in Newark, had told him. "Our electric sky-sign," he said, "uses more juice than all the rest of the plant." Richard was shocked by this paradox. "You pay more money to put up your name in lights than to run the machines?" But Mr. Gettleman insisted that the doctrine was sound.

Such problems as these were lively in his mind as he smoked an evening cigar, or rode uptown on the car-platform of the L—almost his only meeting with a rush of open air. Especially on winter nights it was better than a cocktail to look down on the lighted pavements. What color, what appalling variety of suggestion. The whole gamut of romance was serialized in a succession of Sixth Avenue windows. The twirling tricolor pillars of barber shops; the pink flimsies of the undermilliner. Then on florists' panes the pretty rigmaroles of frost caused by the warm humidity within. And finally the drugstore with its depressing display of hot-water bags. More comforting to the mind were the honest cajoleries of food: beds of nuts in the grocer's window; red apples; a smell of bacon and Christmas evergreens. What is the magic of the Elevated railroad that preserves along its route the cheer of plain realities? When they put in bits of wood-block paving here and there on Sixth Avenue he could pause in mid-street (when the traffic light allowed) and see underfoot the grainy section of the growing tree. It's just as interesting as the redwood at the Museum, Richard said. But more dangerous, Lucille replied with truth. Then, as he came farther uptown big apartment houses blocked their patterns of light on the clear lazuli of winter air.

So it seems that those early years of the business were complete absorption. I guess you can't blame Lucille, Hubbard said, for concluding that as husband Richard was a poor-spirited fellow. Quit worrying about blaming anybody or anything, insisted Miss Mac. There'll be plenty of others to do that for you.

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Hubbard and Miss Mac are a great pair when they get together. Old bachelor and old maid, no one has part ownership in their behavior and opinions. There has grown up between them that peculiarly pleasant friendship that often exists where the usual characteristics of gender are reversed. Miss Mac seems the more masculine of the pair; she enjoys the freedom suitable to those who have outlived the dangerous age. Hubbard however is beginning to suspect that in his case that age may last longer than he thought. Perhaps if it begins late it lasts late?

As an accountant Hubbard was interested in calculations. "By actuarial figures," he remarked, "I've pretty nearly reached my period of Expectation."

"Congratulations," she said. "What do you expect?"

"I mean my Expectation of Life. In the United States, for males it's 49.32—about 49 years 3 months and 26 days, reckoning a month at 30 days."

"As well as I remember, months are shorter than that."

He refused to be diverted and examined a clipping of print.

"For United States females, the expectation is three years longer—52.54 years."

"I haven't any kick coming," said Miss Mac. "I've exceeded expectations—I won't tell you how much. Every day I get is so much velvet."

"It's unfortunate," he continued, "that New York has the lowest expectation of any State in the Union. If you live in Kansas, Minnesota or Wisconsin you have a right to expect about seven years longer."

"I'll stay right here, just the same."

"The biggest Expectation of all is in New Zealand. There a man can reckon on nearly 60 years. I was just thinking that if a woman wants to outlive her husband—and I suppose some of them do?—she'd better not marry a New Zealander."

"Don't be absurd. New Zealandesses live longer too, don't they? I expect it's all those hot springs and geysers they have down there." Miss Mac had not studied the Erskine Atlas for nothing.

This argument was suggested by Hubbard's remark that at any rate Richard had exceeded the table of Expectation. Born 1880—he must have been getting towards 52 when he died.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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FROM THE INTERNATIONAL ANGLE

The Myth Factory

THE SPIRIT OF BRITISH POLICY AND THE MYTH OF THE ENCIRCLEMENT OF GERMANY. By HERMANN KANTOROWICZ. New York: Oxford University Press. 1932. $6.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED ZIMMERN

THIS is an embarrassing book for an Englishman to be asked to review. The first part of it consists of an analysis of certain salient characteristics in the English make-up with the object of showing what sort of people are these Englishmen who are accused of plotting the encirclement of Germany. The latter part is an examination of the German charge in the light of the documents. The conclusion is that British policy at no time sought to encircle Germany and that the whole conception is utterly foreign to the English character and to British political habits and traditions. Finally, we are shown how the myth grew up and was propagated before the war and also what immense efforts are being expended, officially and semi-officially, to develop this propaganda at the present time.

Professor Kantorowicz is, of course, a first-rate scholar. His book is based on a careful study of the available sources, and indeed forms a pendant to a memorandum on the "war guilt question" submitted to the Reichstag Investigation Committee. So far as the defence of British policy goes, it is unanswerable. He proves up to the hilt that, at the very time when the slander was being spread, no German statesman, least of all the Ambassador in London, who was in the best position to know, believed in it. There is indeed no more to be said on this aspect of the matter, except to trace the myth to its origin. The author fixes it upon Holstein, the evil genius of German policy from 1890 to 1906: but as Holstein's papers have not been published we are at liberty to suspend judgment. What is certain is that Bülow used the myth freely, whilst being fully aware of its falsehood. As for Holstein, he is a subject for the psycho-analyst rather than the historian, for the encirclement myth seems to have been a "projection" from his own persecution by blackmailers. Thus German policy was directed, for the best part of the pre-war generation, by two very sick men. Whom the gods wish to destroy they give demented leaders.

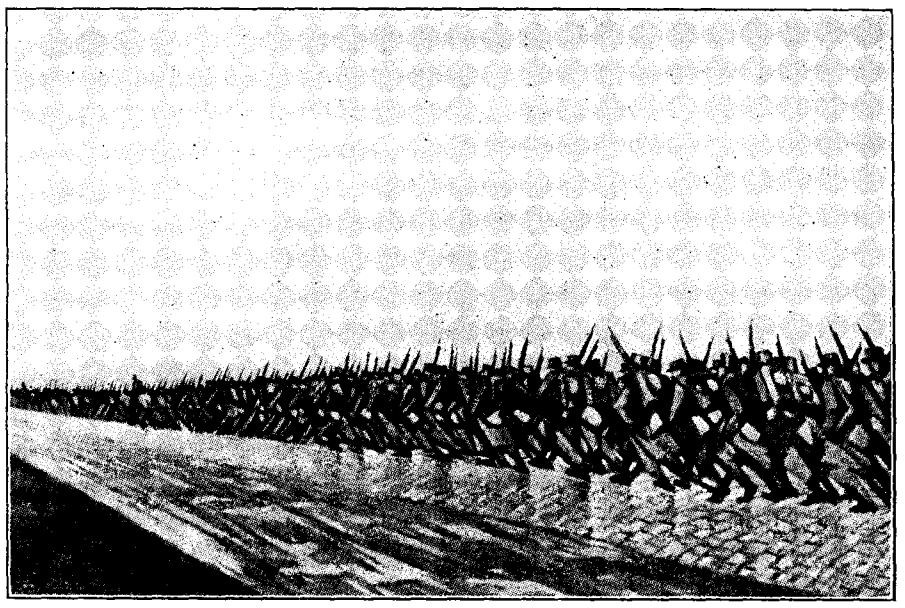
But was it worth while expending all this labor on refuting a palpable falsehood? The Englishman's first instinct is to say "No": and indeed Professor Kantorowicz is prepared for this reaction. But he has not written the book for the English, but for himself, to clear his own conscience, and that of German historians through him. "No one in England," he says, and truly, "is demanding the withdrawal of this war-guilt lie or of so many others which we have launched at the English. We ourselves must demand the withdrawal for the sake of our own honor." His book is conceived as paving the way for such a withdrawal. It is "a piece of moral reparation . . . because during the war I took part myself in casting stones at England. . . . I lay it now before my countrymen without fear and [he adds sadly] without hope."

Was the book then worth translating? Both as regards British and American readers the answer is, I think, "Yes." It is true that Englishmen will read it with some discomfort. The earlier chapters tell us many unpleasant things about ourselves which we would rather not hear; but they are shrewdly selected and the author's trick of observing us while we are off our guard and drawing political conclusions from our behavior in ordinary life is as stimulating as it is ingenious. Who else but a German professor with an intimate knowledge of English life would have thought of refuting the legend that we habitually use the weaker nations as catspaws for selfish policies by pointing to our pioneer work on behalf of the dumb beasts, with the aid of exact details of the work and finances of the Royal Society for the Protection of Cruelty to Animals? After that, it is an almost anti-climax to be reminded that we aroused Belgian opinion against us by our action on behalf of the Congo natives at the very time when Belgium was an important link in the chain which we were supposed to be forging round Germany.

The author knows far more of our history than most Englishmen have forgotten. How many of us remember that the nation of shopkeepers paid the Spaniards £400,000 and the Portuguese £300,000 for the right of searching their ships in the effort to suppress the slave trade? We have indeed written off and consigned to limbo much that, in the interests of truth, it is really becoming a duty to remember. We do not, it is true, need to be reassured that British statesmen had no conscious share in bringing about the war. But every now and then even in England —and how much more must this be the case behind our backs, in America—we are unpleasantly reminded that the spirit of falsehood is walking to and fro in the world, and that indeed he must have adopted wholesale methods of manufacture, since his products bear such obvious marks of standardization. This propaganda, of which the author gives full and very disquieting particulars, is becoming a serious factor in international relations, political, moral, and intellectual. So much mud is being thrown that some of it sticks, sometimes in the most unexpected places.

What are we to do? We intensely dislike answering back—even if we had the answer at our fingers' end, as few of us have. As a lady remarked to me the other day, apropos of a German student who had sat next to her at dinner and repeated a schoolbook falsehood "it creates such a disagreeable atmosphere." So with a gentlemanly desire to avoid a "scene," which our French neighbors too often mistake for misplaced leniency and lack of frankness, we let the falsehoods pass—and they go on coming, bigger and bolder as the years go by. Soon England and France will have invaded Belgium and the German Navy Law will be a response to British provocation. So this book has a usefulness after all. We may be grateful to Professor Kantorowicz for his careful scholarship and (I wish it did not need to be added) his courage in writing it. May it find a multitude of readers in the United States and wherever the activities of the Myth Factory extend!

Ivor Brown, writing of Bernard Shaw's "Too Good to be True," which was recently produced at the Malvern Festival says: "The volume of sermons is thus also a League of Shavian Notions. But, perhaps, 'Too True to be Good' may be fairly described as a postscript to Heartbreak House, in which the smaller unit of the home has been enlarged to include the world. The final and beautifully phrased address of his Ethical House-breaker might justify some such title as Cities of Destruction, or Heartbreak Universe."



AN ILLUSTRATION BY C. R. W. NEVINSON, FROM "THIRTY YEARS OF BRITISH ART" (Boni).

On The Bias

GERMANY'S ROAD TO RUIN. By KARL FRIEDRICH NOWAK. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $5.

Reviewed by W. L. LANGER

THE author of this volume is a gifted German journalist who has written books on the "Collapse of the Central Powers" (easily his best) and on "Versailles." A few years ago he began a study of the decline and fall of the German Empire, and published a volume called "Kaiser and Chancellor," in which he recounted the epic conflict between Bismarck and the young ruler, William II, which ended with the dismissal of the great statesman. Here we have the second volume of what is evidently to be a trilogy. The story is taken up in 1890 and carried on through the first Moroccan crisis of 1905. In both volumes the writer takes great pains to discuss the materials upon which his account is based. He has, so he says, drawn not only upon the extensive published sources and secondary treatments, but has plowed over unpublished archival material and has secured much information hitherto unused from surviving statesmen and from Emperor William himself.

All this is most imposing and may easily mislead the unwary. The fact of the matter is that Nowak's books are based in very large part upon information from the former Emperor. They are, together, little more than an elaborated edition of William's own memoirs. Here and there the author ventures to make some slight criticism of the ruler's weaknesses, but not in terms sufficiently strong to obscure his chief object, which is to exonerate the Emperor and shift to other shoulders the burden of responsibility for the ultimate disaster. In the first volume a dark picture was drawn of Bismarck and his policy. In the present book the blame is laid frankly upon Baron von Holstein, the evil spirit of the German foreign office, and upon Prince von Bülow, the elegant conversationalist, the expert debater, the heartless *faiseur*.

Once more we are told that William knew nothing of the famous Re-insurance Treaty with Russia prior to the time of Bismarck's dismissal. We are assured that all the Emperor's advisors were opposed to its renewal in 1890 and that William himself was unwilling, because of loyalty to his allies, to continue an agreement concluded behind their backs and incompatible with the spirit of Germany's other engagements. The Emperor, according to Nowak, set himself, after 1890, to the task of winning the alliance of England. But in this he was frustrated, not only by the unwillingness of the English themselves, but by the dark machinations of Holstein. There followed the unfortunate Kruger telegram episode, for which William disclaimed all responsibility. His new foreign minister, von Bülow, of whom a most unfavorable analysis is given, did nothing to mend matters. He and his henchman, Holstein, kept harping upon the strength of Germany's position and the advantage of having two irons in the fire. Bülow literally played horse with Chamberlain, when the man from Birmingham finally offered Germany an alliance which William thought ought to have been accepted.

It was inevitable under the circumstances that England, hard pressed by Russia in the Far East and deeply involved in trouble with the Boers, should have approached France. The outcome was the first Moroccan crisis, which Holstein wanted to make a test of military strength. The Emperor, on the other hand, had no stomach for Morocco. His aim was to take advantage of Russia's defeat at the hands of Japan to draw Russia and ultimately France into an alliance and thus break the iron ring that was forming around Germany. But the famous Björkö Treaty, the Emperor's own handiwork, was also ruined by Bülow's senseless opposition. There the story ends. In some of its main outlines it is correct enough. In many others it is thoroughly inaccurate and misleading. Herr Nowak plays loosely with much of his material. He omits what does not appeal to him, and not infrequently gives the narrative just that little twist that makes all the difference in the world. The book is well written and moves along without tedious technicality. Like Bülow's memoirs, it makes good light reading. But like the Chancellor's reminiscences, it is unreliable, one-sided, and dangerous for anyone seeking the unadulterated truth.

Double Taxation

TAXATION OF FOREIGN AND NATIONAL ENTERPRISES. Edited by MITCHELL B. CARROLL. Geneva, League of Nations. 1932.

Reviewed by ROSWELL MAGILL

THE formulation of equitable methods for the allocation of income among nations, in the case of business corporations doing business in several countries, is one of the more pressing fiscal problems of the day. Countries have naturally tended to adopt provisions which will insure them the most satisfactory tax return, even though the ultimate result may be that the total income of foreign businesses is taxed several times. A tobacco producing country may provide that taxable income arises from the mere purchase of the tobacco, though the manufacture and sale wholly takes place elsewhere. If the country of manufacture and sale also imposes a tax, as is usually the case, upon the total income arising therefrom, the company is under the necessity of filing two returns and paying two taxes on all or at least a part of the same receipts. As the business expands into other countries, the tax problem increases in complexity, since there has been an entire lack of uniformity in the taxing provisions.

The Fiscal Committee of the League of Nations in 1929 undertook a study of international double taxation, and methods for obviating its burdens. The present volume sets forth the results of a study, made under the immediate direction of Dr. Mitchell B. Carroll, formerly of the U. S. Treasury Department, of the taxing systems of Great Britain, France, Germany, and Spain, as applied to foreign and national enterprises, particularly those doing business in more than one country. The description in each case has been prepared by a responsible revenue official of the particular country, and includes not only a statement of the provisions of the law, but of the actual departmental practice. Since such data is difficult to obtain, even in one's own country, the book possesses great value both to business men and to lawyers with international interests. This book, together with the studies in other countries now being completed, will very possibly point the way to the adoption of more nearly uniform methods of allocation of income by the various nations; and will aid as well in the solution of the similar problem confronting the states in this country.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Education

CREATIVE EXPRESSION. Edited by GERTRUDE HARTMAN and ANN SHUMAKER. Day. 1932. $5.

When the educational creative experiments of the last decade shall have been pruned, classified, and added to the history of education, two conflicting factors will be taken into consideration: the cosmic hysteria which was the moving force of the educational theories and the glorification of the individual. Each of these epithets, no doubt, will be interpreted wrongly by the rear guard of the present educational movement. The progressive leaders, on the other hand, will consider them as inevitable bypaths toward a workable educational system.

Progressive education as we know it today connotes parallel and consistent growth with the changing conditions of actual life. Unfortunately some of the experimental theories have been turned into formulas no longer consistent with the principles of "Progressive Education." Creative expression, to be sure, is a means to an end; but to the theories of the new doctrine it becomes an end in itself.

The book in question, edited for the Progressive Education Association by two able pioneers in the new education, is a reprint of four remarkable special numbers of the Progressive Education magazine, covering respectively creative expression in Art, Music, Literature, and Dramatics. This handsome volume contains articles by leading authorities on the arts and education. The prevailing note in these articles is a high-pitched romantic one. Its major chord is adopted to melodic song and dedicated to the inherent potentialities of the youth of America. It sings the future artistic sensibilities of these United States. This is a mighty song, even if somewhat primitive in its enthusiasm and belief in the stability of its purpose. Its critical comment has no bearing on "Progressive Education." This reviewer, like many others who believe in the sincerity of the educational movement in this country, knows that all genuine primitive experiments seldom fail to reach the point of philosophical tolerance. Before youth can become rightly articulate it must be taught the grammar that leads to significant and controlled utterance: youth must shout before it can sing.

"Creative Expression" must be considered as the first successful chapter of a complex educational experiment. It sharpened the individual and taught him to tune his instrument and to play romantic melodies. Judging from current educational directions it does not seem premature to say that the next chapter of "Progressive Education" will be described in another volume in which the individual will have been fitted to play his chosen instrument in a full orchestra rendering a symphony of a unified social life. So will he enrich his ideals by the way he interprets them.

"Creative Expression" includes 115 pages of reproductions of children's art work, many of them in full color. Those as well as the reading matter can well be considered seriously by parents, teachers and educators.

THE INTERPRETATION OF NATURE IN ENGLISH POETRY. By *J. Ingram Bryan.* Tokio, Japan: Kaitakusha.

Fiction

THEY FELL IN LOVE. By KERRY SCOTT. Harcourt, Brace. 1932. $2.

The pseudonymous author of this soap-bubble does not even possess the light touch requisite to the successful accomplishment of this dizzy tale of college youth and 1932 morals. Out of "Oliver Optic" by a very attenuated Scott Fitzgerald, we have the story of Jack and Frances; how they fell in love, how Jack could find no work; how Frances's aunt disapproved of him. They went to Bermuda, quarreled, kissed, and made up two or three times to the running patter of flip repartee. Jack went broke, jumped off a ship, started a night club; Frances's aunt fell for Jack's old man, Jack sold his lease on the night club for a good price. Clinch. Fadeout.

MATSU. By JOHN PARIS. Putnam. 1932. $2.

The adventures of Count Matsumoto, hereditary Lord Abbot of the Johoji sect and "Living Buddha" to millions of devout worshippers (though he possessed no qualifications for the title), will provide sprightly summer reading for the admirers of Mr. Paris's "Kimono." With a flip pen he sets forth the events of Matsu's "education" at Oxford, his relations with the English *monde* and *demi-monde,* his passion for the Honorable Sheila Mannifold. There are evidences that if he cared Mr. Paris might write solider books (for his store of Oriental information seems authentic and well-informed), but since he here makes no pretense to profundity and achieves none, readers should at least be satisfied with unusual material amusingly displayed.

THEY WINTER ABROAD. By JAMES ASTON. Viking. $2.50.

This comes from England, blown on a mighty blast of ballyhoo which proves (if nothing more) that the English are men of like passions with ourselves. "They Winter Abroad" is what is technically known as a sophisticated novel; it deals with a group of English people at a hotel near Sorrento, and on a trip to Capri; and James Aston is said to be the pseudonym of an author well known in other fields. Following the sound principle that a book by an unknown author must always be treated with respect, since it might be the work of somebody important, English critics have found "They Winter Abroad" witty and wicked, a worthy successor to "South Wind," etc.; and have guessed that it might have been written by Norman Douglas, or Aldous Huxley. The blurb writer for the American edition manfully carries on the good work by decorating the story with a sirocco which (so far as this reviewer could discover) *the author failed to mention. But it takes* more than a little fornication and a great deal of talk, with a flavoring of pederasty and skatology, to make another "South Wind," That James Aston, whoever he may be, has tried to be witty and wicked may be freely granted; but he seldom succeeds. Some of the talk is good but most of it is soporific; and the wickedness, interesting as it may have been to those who took part in it, adds little to the satisfaction of the customer.

As a craftsman, however, Mr. Aston has a smooth competence, and his characters are soundly and skilfully drawn. That he is a professional of standing (in other fields) can easily be believed; and the book shows internal evidence that he may have been irritated by the Capri novels of Norman Douglas, Compton Mackenzie, *et al.,* to the point of sitting down (on a bet) and proving that he could write a parody of that sort of thing that would be taken seriously. Let "They Winter Abroad" pass, then, as the Capri novel to end Capri novels.

Notes of a Rapid Reader

Three histories of some importance are published this month. Dr. Max Carey's *The Legacy of Alexander* (Dial Press, $4) is a thoroughgoing study of the Hellenistic world in war, in politics, and in the social customs of peace. Luther C. Snider's *Earth History* (Century Co., $4.50) is a new type of geology in which world history of plants and animals is joined to the usual survey of the historical development of the crust of the earth in a book which attempts to give students of geology a broad background for their special study. Mr. Snider's book contains interesting chapters on such topics as the meaning of scenery and earth tragedies. And Charles Johnson, official lecturer at the National Gallery in London, has published *English Painting* (Dial Press, $5), a history ranging from the seventh century to the present day, the first time, so the publishers say, that so extensive an area of English art history has been covered in one book. Of these three books the first is really a guide, *Earth History,* a text-book, *The Legacy of Alexander,* a contribution to the new interest in the history of the Hellenistic world which has so many points of resemblance with our own. This last book is the fourth volume in the *History of the Greek and Roman World.* * * * Other books this month which should be mentioned are Percy Marks's *The Craft of Writing* (Harcourt, Brace, $2), a very good informal study of how to write, for students who have gone beyond the rule-and-example method of the elementary textbooks. His chapter on "Pace," by which he means the rapidity or slowness of style, is original, and the whole book helpful. * * * *Beauty of Flight,* edited by Manfred Curry (John Day, $5), is a portfolio of extraordinary pictures of airplanes in flight under every imaginable circumstance. Some of the photographs are surely among the most beautiful ever taken of the air and earth as seen beneath. * * * An addition to the growing list of books on our early drama, so long neglected, is *Old Drury of Philadelphia: A History of the Philadelphia Stage,* 1800-1835, by Reese D. James (University of Pennsylvania Press, $6). And finally, those who like symposiums and find their intellect quickened by a group of minds that work upon the same problem, should look at *The Causes of War* (Macmillan, $1.50), a series of studies by such distinguished authorities as Salter, Thompson, Zimmern, Atkinson, and Wickham-Steed.

To the Readers of
THE SATURDAY REVIEW:

We have just published a novel with an appeal to those who look beneath the surface of a story for its meaning and beauty. In England and in Germany it has met with tremendous critical success. **THE JOURNEY INWARD,** by Kurt Heuser ($2.50), is the tale of a man's escape from his past into the jungle of Africa. "Perhaps another Conrad has made his appearance," said The Herald Tribune in praise of this book, and Charles Hanson Towne in the New York American said "It actually frightens you with its sinister beauty." To read this is to lose oneself in a new experience—a journey not only into the interior of Africa but into the jungle of the minds of men and women, both black and white, from which one emerges enriched by a rare adventure.

The Viking Press

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Points of View

The Proletarian View

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

It is surprising to find the voice of prejudice ringing clearly in so catholic a paper as the *Saturday Review*. To Granville Hick's statement that the person who regards life from the proletarian point of view is capable of accurate and clarifying interpretation, there is obvious begging of the question in the editorial rejoinder: "Since when were the bitterness of suffering, and a rankling sense of injustice, and a will to power, deemed the essential or the likely basis of 'an accurate and clarifying interpretation' of life?" There are doubtless many socialists whose early experiences linger in a bitterness, an easily understood resentment of continuing conditions from which they have suffered. But bitterness and scorn, hatred, and even "righteous" indignation are among the wordly things that are put aside when one follows truth, to hear "Love them that hate ye." *Facit indignatio prosam.* There are an increasing number who see life from the proletarian point of view, as it becomes increasingly evident that not merely is socialism one form of democracy, but that true democracy requires some form of socialism. More persons are coming to see in the term "socialism" no bugbear to frighten voting children, but an idea closely affiliated with the good old-fashioned "social," a gathering the purpose of which is that everyone have a good time.

What has this to do with literature? It is, as you say, "arrant nonsense" for Granville Hicks to assert that "the person who looks at life from the point of view of the exploiting class inevitably distorts it"—or even that "Marxist critics believe" such catch-favor phrases. The great body of literature reflects an aristocratic or a monarchic point of view; but—and here is the hinge—this literature has risen from peoples to whom those philosophies were fundamental. In America today, a monarchical assumption sets a story in Graustark, or moves it toward literature on the road west of the moon that leads to Chateaurien (home of Monsieur Beaucaire), or to the dream-built turrets of Poictesme. And in America today, rooted in the soil of impoverished farmers, dug out of the toil of the miners, hewn and smelted and woven and shaped by millions of workers everywhere, is growing a "proletarian point of view" that will make the bourgeois assumptions equally outmoded and unreal. At present the writing sprung of this philosophy is, as the work of Upton Sinclair, Sinclair Lewis, and others attests, in the stage of indignation and scorn. "One makes, out of one's quarrel with others, rhetoric; out of one's quarrel with oneself, poetry." The early proponents of a new order, as well as the last defenders of the old, may be (as Hebbel declared) the stuff of tragedy, but they are not the creators of literature save as satirists and pamphleteers. What the "Marxist" critic may with more modesty and (I venture) more wisdom aver, is that, as monarchism has ceased to be the underlying assumption of any large number of writers, so the impulsion of capitalism will dwindle to such dream-tales and wish-stories as the cinema now widely offers, as under the next social order the proletarian point of view energizes and animates the literature of the generations ahead. Literature may be the product of any social system or any *Weltanschauung;* but in the philosophy of him who is to produce it will be two germane essentials: a passionate calm—"Love them that hate ye": a vision that, avid of freedom, yet knows slave and slave-driver are equally victim; and a faith rooted in the soil of one's birth and one's growing. Romance may continue for long days to dally along the limousine lanes of capitalistic "will to power"; but realism, lightened of its present blinding fury, will rise from the new assumption of a social order the purpose of which is that everyone have a good time.

Corinth, N. Y. JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY.

Erratum

In the issue of the *Saturday Review* for August 13 Miss Amy Parker in her letter headed "Books for High School," incorrectly gave the price of "May Alcott: A Memoir," published by Little, Brown & Co., as $2.55 instead of $3.

Cheap Books

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In the editorial entitled Book Buyer's Argument in the *Saturday Review* of July 2nd you advanced a suggestion that publishers make their ephemeral books in cheaper and less substantial formats and thus lower prices on such books somewhat. There seem to me to be difficulties in the way of this plan which I should like to present for your consideration. For example, the article listed Mr. Ybarra's "Hindenburg" as a sample of the type of book suited to the format for ephemeral books, as one, the value of which would not outlast a year. I find it hard to imagine Mr. Ybarra's publisher slapping him on the back and saying: "Your book is ephemeral. We'll put it on wood pulp. We'll charge $1.50 for it. You'll get 15c for every copy sold. Anyone as intelligent as yourself will be the first to realize that, thus marked by the cheaper price and format 'ephemeral, incomplete,' your book will be sure to sell eight thousand copies, whereas advertised as an 'acute evaluation of permanent interest,' price $3.00, it cannot possibly go over four."

Or can you hear a customer saying to his bookseller: "I can't afford a timeless analysis of the current European situation, nor even a book that will have some reference value for a couple of years. Give me instead a neat-looking book for $1.50 that will be out of date in six months."

The trouble is not with the examples you have chosen (though I found that I disagreed with many of your classifications), the trouble is that the public doesn't *buy* books that it doesn't want. One consequence, therefore, of making the publisher's judgment of a book apparent in price and binding would be to limit the sale of "ephemeral" books, where the intention is to increase it, and to cause the book to be used in lending libraries for whom a firm and therefore more expensive binding is particularly desirable.

Furthermore, since authors like to think themselves of more than transient value, your scheme will offer a fine new line for the author-stealer.

As most readers of the *Saturday Review* must know, the continental solution of this problem is more sensible than ours (so many copies on cheap paper, so many copies on better paper; if you like the book, have it bound yourself to suit yourself). In America, magazine competition has made the very-cheap-book market rather precarious. People here cannot get used to the idea of a practical variation of format which will permit the making of books fitted for only a few months' use. The average book buyer will still judge literary quality by price, and it is plain that as long as the book buyer permits himself to be misled by such things as price and bulk, bulk and price will continue to be misleading.

If there is anything in all this, the moral to be drawn is that our book buyers are as yet but ill-prepared for practical variation of format and that, even if this were not true, the proposed variation would not be practical, because ephemeral books sometimes need a durable format, and because one man will wish to keep as a permanent record a book from which another man will wish to draw only a summary of the salient features.

To this I should like to add in defence of our bungling and much-exhorted publishers that they are continually testing the market for signs of a general change of heart. They are trying to reduce bulk (*c.f.* the Book Clinic), they are reducing prices (*c.f.* the dollar book, novels at $1.75, etc.), they are trying paper bindings (*c.f.* the Boni 50c series), and as soon as the average book buyer will take hold, he'll get "sensibly" made books. The cost of these books, however, will not be so very different, because the purchaser is not paying only for the running cost of the book he buys, but for the cost of composition, which is not much affected by format changes; and also for the risk, for, as the *Saturday Review's* editorial points out in its last paragraph, "there will always be a gamble in publishing."

LOWELL THOMPSON. Boston, Mass.

It is reported, according to *John O'London's Weekly*, that Chaliapin is shortly to come to London to play the chief part in a talking film dealing with "Don Quixote." Special music will probably be written by Señor Manuel de Falla.

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SEPT 24

The issue of the Saturday Review for September twenty-fourth will contain an exclusive story of first rate importance. Be sure not to miss it.

The nature of this feature must be withheld for the present, not to provoke our subscribers but to observe a release date which has been fixed by high authorities.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed for the summer to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, London, S.W. 3. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

E. M. J., Canandaigua, N. Y. found a summer spent in reading about the legendary islands of the Atlantic so pleasant that she means to do the same this year for the Pacific; is there anything like Higginson's "Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic" for the other ocean, or is there a book about folklore, or legendary islands, that would serve the purpose? There is an unusually good and inexpensive book of "Tales Told in Hawaii," by Berta Metzger (Stokes), with seventy-seven stories told just as they should be by Samoan, Maori, Aituakian, Hawaiian, and other Polynesian peoples; folklorists respect this book and children like it. "Island Builders of the Pacific," by Walter George Ivens (Lippincott), while not about legendary islands, concerns islands certainly out of the geography—artificial coral ones, built by one of the peoples of the Solomon Islands in the lagoon. There they live, and Dr. Ivens has made a first-hand study of their lives, including folklore and everything else, and a fine book it makes.

A. S., Mississippi, wishes to add to a collection of books on Indian folklore, basketry, pottery, weaving, and the like, a number of recent works of fiction about Indians, or in which Indians appear. These should have, besides literary merit, value as documentation. She says, "'Death Comes for the Archbishop' and 'Laughing Boy' are the only pieces of fiction I can find portraying Indian life that are worth including in a course of study. As for poetry, it eludes me. And why doesn't someone write an Indian drama? Splendid material there — atmosphere, color, action, and a great climax of tragedy."

IT may have been the success of "Laughing Boy," it may have been because we were due for a spell of back to Nature, but since this young Navajo made his appearance the number of novels about Indians has increased and their quality in general has improved. A historical study of the Indian in American fiction would not tell us as much about him as it would about us, and about the stages in the slow and late development of a national conscience. Hamlin Garland felt this and showed it in his "Book of the American Indian" (Harper), where there is a story, "Lone Wolf's Old Guard," in which the Indian's history seems to come to a climax in one stand more tragic than battle.

The books of the past few years seemed concerned mainly with letting the Indian speak, either in his own person, as in the magnificent "American," of F. B. Linderman (Day), the biography of Plenty-coups, Chief of the Crows, or in fictionized biography, such as Will Levington Comfort's exciting life story of a real chief, "Apache" (Dutton), a book written for men and enjoyed just as much by boys. Mr. Linderman has just published "Old Man Coyote" (Day), a collection of legends of the Crows. John G. Neihardt the poet tells the life story of a holy man of the Ogalalas, as told him by the seer himself, in "Black Elk Speaks" (Morrow). "Windsinger," by Frances Gillmore (Minton, Balch), gives appropriate beauty of expression to the life of a Navajo prophet, in a novel whose ceremonial dances and tribal customs are described from first-hand sources. "Men of the Old Frontier," in which "Gray Owl" gives a reflection of the setting glories of the Old West, is just from the press of Scribner; it is by an Apache admitted to know more about beavers than anyone else on the continent; the Canadian government has just commissioned him to see what can be done to preserve them, their health having lately sharply declined. Can it be that rumors of unemployment have reached this industrious animal and caused him to lose heart?

In several recent novels the half-breed figures. "Red Willows," by Constance Lindsay Skinner (Coward-McCann), takes place in British Columbia in and around a frontier settlement; like all her wilderness novels, the spirit and detail is reliably accurate. "Nipsya," by Georges Bugnet (Carrier), by a Canadian, is translated from the French; a half-breed girl falls delicately in love. In "Joe Pete," by Florence McClinchey (Holt), a full-blooded Ojibway of Northern Michigan is almost pulled down in the relapse of his mother after her husband deserts her, but manages to win clear. Moving Southward and backward in time, Indians are concerned in Archibald MacLeish's brilliant narrative poem, "Conquistador" (Houghton Mifflin), which takes place in Mexico under Cortez. Another book with this title this season, "Conquistador," by E. J. Craine (Duffield & Green), a dashing story for boys, based on the records of Cieza, official historian of the expedition to Peru, with Henry Pitz's pictures. "Native Tales of New Mexico," by Frank Applegate (Lippincott), with author's water-color sketches full of bright sunlight, are a robust blend of pious memories and contemporary color, uncommonly entertaining and with a truly convincing atmosphere of time and place. Even Indian women are having their chance in biography: Flora Warren Seymour's "Women of Trail and Wigwam" (Woman's Press) is a record of famous Indian princesses.

Books for younger readers have also felt the Indian influence strongly and to good purpose. I do not know a Newbery Prize winner that went to the committee with higher hopes and better wishes from the ultimate consumer of children's books —the child—than "Waterless Mountain," by Laura A. Armer (Longmans, Green); even now I keep getting spontaneous bursts of approval from children's book clubs and other young sources of opinion. One reason why they come to me is because my name is on the jacket as one of the jury on its first award, the Longmans Prize. "Queer Person," by Ralph Hubbard (Doubleday, Doran), is another book that was well spoken of for this award; it concerns a deaf-mute boy, so named from his infirmity, winning his place in the world of the Pikuni by force of character. The redskins in Constance Lindsay Skinner's "Debby Barnes, Trader" (Macmillan), are not like these contemporary, but belong to the pre-revolutionary period and conduct the raid in which one of the heroines is taken captive and trailed by the other for rescue. A vigorous adventure story, not afraid to introduce inspiring young love, it is excellent as historical background. "My Indian Boyhood" (Houghton Mifflin), is a life story by Chief Standing Bear. "My Life as an Indian," by J. W. Schultz (Houghton Mifflin), gives the autobiographical basis of his popular romances such as "Skullhead the Terrible" —I call that the right sort of title to take the curse off literature for a small boy— or "Red Crow's Brother" (Houghton Mifflin). "The Box of Daylight," by W. H. Hillyer (Knopf), is a set of folktales from British Columbia, interesting not only to young children but to anyone who likes to trace family resemblances to Brer' Rabbit and his friends.

Someone has indeed written an Indian play, and it was given in New York when the theatre was being uplifted on Central Park West; the title is "The Arrow Maker" (Houghton Mifflin), and the fact that Mary Austin wrote it gives it a place in our literature. Montrose Moses, who discusses this in his "The American Dramatist" (Little, Brown), gives a list of fourteen other Indian plays produced between 1766 and 1852 and quotes the statement of Rees that "a reaction against the Indian drama began in 1846." I wonder what Anne Kamble Hatton's play produced in 1794 was like; its title was "Tammany; or, The Indian Chief." The chapter on Mary Austin in Grant Overton's "The Women who Make Our Novels" (Dodd, Mead) will be valuable to this inquiry.

As for poetry, begin with Mary Austin's "The American Rhythm" (Harcourt, Brace), and if you can get "The Path on the Rainbow," an anthology edited by George W. Cronin with Mrs. Austin's introduction (Liveright), it will be just what you want; it is now out of print but may be found in many libraries.

M. M., Brooklyn, N. Y., needs advice on the choice of a book suitable for a student beginning the Greek language. An excellent Greek book with which to begin is the famous old "Fi Greek Book," by John Williams White (Ginn). It is as gentle an introduction as anyone would wish, and both teachers and pupils like it, for it presents only those facts necessary to an intelligent reading of the simplest connected discourse, with short, simple exercises and a vocabulary. A fine beginning book in Greek, published by the Oxford University Press, is "A Greek Primer for Beginners in That Language," by the Right Reverend Charles Wordsworth; it has sold, so I am told, well over 100,000 copies. Neither book is expensive, and each is recommended for the feature on which I especially desired to be informed —usefulness in giving the pupil a solid grounding in the principles and practice of Greek grammar. For this is a language where the first six months count tremendously, and it is disastrous to let the lure of literature on ahead rush one on into reading by guess-work.

M. C. F., Augusta, Maine, says, "I recommend to the attention of M. G., Long Island, who is planning a teaching unit on parliamentary procedure 'The Essentials of Reading and Speaking,' by Helen Brown, head of the public speaking department at Hampton Institute. This book, which combines in one compact volume features usually requiring the use of several books, has a section on parliamentary law, including a practical demonstration of parliamentary procedure in conducting a class meeting. It may be obtained from the author, Hampton Institute, Virginia.

C. D. M., Lancaster, Pa., wants a book on the history, and another on the art, of logic, for one with a college education and some reading in philosophy. "A Modern Introduction to Logic," by Lizzie Susan Stebbing (Crowell), is meant to "meet the need for a new approach created by the rapid developments of the last thirty years," but it keeps all that is valuable in the traditional. It is by no means a primer, and not a small book; indeed it is a work sure to be of the greatest value to the modern student. The most recent of the few important works on the history of logic is "Historical Development of Logic," by Federigo Enriques (Holt: 1930), a study of the principles and structure of science in the conception of mathematical thinkers. It is a comparatively brief treatment of the subject, but remarkable for scope and clarity.

Recommended with Assurance

Lark Ascending *By Mazo de la Roche* — Temporarily abandoning the family at Jalna, the author gives us a novel about a young American widow who became a real Contessa, and found in Sicily a life exotic beyond her wildest dreams. An Atlantic Novel. $2.50

Big Business *By A. S. M. Hutchinson* — In the mood of "Once Aboard the Lugger—" is this story which begins when seven pug dogs inherit £40,000, and ends like a firecracker exploding in a bowl of whipped cream. 38 illustrations by Gluyas Williams. $2.50

Undertow *By A. Hamilton Gibbs* — "In quality and sentiment more like 'Soundings' than any of his later novels."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.* "One of the most moving love stories imaginable."—*Chicago Tribune.* "Cleverly and convincingly told."—*New York Times.* $2.50

Three Loves *By A. J. Cronin* — "Taken from every possible standpoint it is a finer novel and a greater achievement than its more grim predecessor, 'Hatter's Castle'."—*The Baltimore Evening Sun.* Fourth printing. 559 pages. $2.50

The Epic of America *By James Truslow Adams* — A leading best seller throughout the United States ever since its publication ten months ago. Recommended by practically every American critic. An Atlantic Book. 121st thousand. $3.75

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Here's the Review We Asked For..

WHEN The Saturday Review did not run a review of Robert McClure's new novel "A Fable for Wives," we asked readers to write their own. We promised complimentary copies to the first ten who asked for them.

Several requests followed by special delivery; others by air mail. One said, "I'm frankly curious as to your object."

This letter is our answer. We wanted to know if the book had meant as much to individuals as it did to Laurence Stallings when he called it "a full and handsomely contrived novel." If words like Mr. Poling's and constantly increasing sales mean anything, it seems that the book has done this—and more.

America Vivisected

A Fable for Wives, by Robert McClure, is "even as you and I." It is a real cross section of cosmopolitan living. So true are the lives of this group that I found myself fitting them, their acts and situations, to the people in my own community.

Robert McClure has combined the gift of the surgeon and the storyteller. He has taken "my American life" and performed a perfect operation showing the cause of several ailments—and all this with neatness and despatch, nothing sordid nor seamy.

I can truthfully say that I have enjoyed the privilege of "sitting in with Mr. McClure." May I express to you my sincere thanks for that opportunity.

JAMES A. POLING,
Attorney at Law, Chicago.

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News from the States

This is a new department in the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE. *Here will be gathered every two weeks or so a budget of news concerning literary and bookselling activities all over the United States. In this first instalment we can only give space to a few of our correspondents, but our news will eventually cover, from time to time, every State in the Union. What the* SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to authors' activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. This first appearance of the department is meant to serve as a model for contributors' arrangement of their copy. Bookseller's anecdotes will be welcomed. The interchange of ideas is a consummation devoutly to be wished. We hope that a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book-world at large.*

NEW YORK

Helene Champlain, of New York City, has dropped in on a metropolitan bookshop or two and indicates something of what the astute "browser" may discover:—In the safe of the *Chaucer Head Bookshop,* 32 West 47th Street, is to be found a copy of the original edition of that famous tome, "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," together with several letters in longhand by *T. E. Lawrence.* They also have in one frame three of the original illustrations made for this book.

The favorite bookshop of *Sylvia Sidney,* the actress, is *The Bryant Bookshop,* 72 West 45th Street, where she bought many volumes on Japanese costumes to insure the accuracy of the filming of her newest picture, "Madame Butterfly." She also purchases many first and rare editions of the classics. Furthermore, this shop boasts *Edna May Oliver* and *Alison Skipworth* as customers.

NEW JERSEY

Lorenz F. Heller compiles a budget of various information from over the river:—*Howard R. Garis,* creator of "Uncle Wriggly" has taken his son, Roger, into literary partnership. Until a few months ago, Garis *fils* was with the *Newark Evening News.* Father and son are to do juveniles, and the younger has recently traveled to lands across the sea for new materials. A. L. Burt, Cupples & Leon, and Grosset & Dunlap will bring the new books before an eager public.

William Carlos Williams, editor of *Contact,* who has recently disputed with Rebecca West over James Joyce, observed pleasantly over the telephone from Rutherford that publishers in general betray an astonishing stupidity in not publishing a (quote) delightful (unquote) collection of his poetry.

Those who appear before *Judge Nicholas Albana* these days have reason to tremble. He has written a book, which is not selling so well, entitled "Good Morning, Judge," published by Colyer of Newark. But then the Judge has a good job and has not been "probed."

NORTH CAROLINA

Waldeen H. White of Jamestown shows us how reading-matter is distributed in the South:—Down here the folk reached in outlying communities by the county book-truck branch of a local library might compare favorably with the "honest fishermen and farmers" lately referred to by Mr. Foster in "Parnassus on Keels." It is the children, for the most part, who gather eagerly an hour early in some appointed oakshade to await the books. Hardly is Circus Day more heralded and hailed than a Tuesday when the book-truck is due. The youngsters come instructed to bring books for their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, and not to forget parent and grandparent in field and tobacco barn! They bear the books away by armful, by basketful, or haul them away more often than not in little red-painted wagons: Harold Bell Wright, James Oliver Curwood, Grace S. Richmond, and Temple Bailey. But also they may take "The Three Musketeers," "The Deer Slayer," "Huckleberry Finn," "The Jungle Books," "The Great Meadow," or "Drums." Reading aloud is the popular method.

OHIO

Katherine Garford Thomas treats of the inventiveness of Clevelanders:—In that section of Ohio called the Western Reserve many librarians report a fifty per cent increase in circulation over previous years, even though lack of funds has not made it possible to buy the latest fiction and biography. Resourceful librarians have been featuring the best-sellers of a year ago, and have encouraged reading of the classics. Scientific and engineering subjects have been in great demand, and in consequence of such reading it would seem that more men are becoming inventors, for the patent lawyers have more business than they can handle. A recent report in the press stated that twenty Clevelanders had just been awarded patents. We should all be grateful to that Unitarian minister at Peterboro, New Hampshire, who in 1833 founded the free circulating library movement in America!

WISCONSIN

Margaret Milwaukee finds much of interest in the Badger State:—Rental libraries are closing out in downtown Milwaukee. This may be due to the outside chains which are supplying drug stores in residence neighborhoods.

We have seen eight girls reading "Belle Mère" on street cars in Milwaukee in ten days.

Phil La Follette is trying to persuade *Zona Gale* to run a speakers' bureau in women for his Fall campaign.

Howard Roper, whose recently published "Beauty Lies Beyond Hell" the Book-of-the-Month Club recommended, graduated from the University of Wisconsin, working his way through there as he did later at the Harvard School of Business.

Mollie Rahr Bryan also furnishes information concerning her native state:—

The death of *Carl Russell Fish,* for thirty-two years a member of the University of Wisconsin faculty, on July 10th last, at the age of fifty-five years caused the university an irreparable loss. Dr. Fish was a great favorite with the student body. Thousands of university graduates remember Professor Fish as the man for whom crowds shouted during a football mass meeting. Quite aside from that, Dr. Frederick D. Paxson, one of his closest associates, has testified to his scholarship and influence. President Glenn Frank is on record as saying, "I cannot believe that Carl Russell Fish is dead. Such genius deserves an earthly immortality," and the Dean of the Graduate School has declared, "Professor Fish was one of the irreplaceable personalities of the university."

MINNESOTA

Paul C. Hillestad discusses the late Professor Firkins:—A volume of particular interest and significance will be brought out by the University of Minnesota Press in November, with the publication of "The Bride of Quietness" by *Oscar W. Firkins,* late professor of comparative literature at the University, whose death in March removed from the Middle West one of its most distinguished writers and from the University of Minnesota one of its best-loved professors. "The Bride of Quietness" will be a small book containing four one-act plays, the first being, as may be inferred, a fantasy on Keats's "Ode to a Grecian Urn." Dr. Richard Burton, formerly of the Minnesota faculty and long a close friend of Dr. Firkins, will contribute a foreword. The Press announces that other volumes of plays, essays, and literary criticism by Firkins are in preparation.

ARIZONA

Beryl Brackett furnishes information concerning the Apache State's recent literary visitors:—*Dane Coolidge,* who with his wife, *Mary Roberts Coolidge,* spent some time the past season at a guest ranch of historical interest near Phoenix, has interested Arizona here with the biography that opens his "Fighting Men of the West," concerning *Colonel Charles Goodnight,* an uncle of one of the candidates for the office of sheriff of an Arizona county this year. Mrs. Coolidge, whose "Rainmakers" and "The Navajos" (the latter written in collaboration with her husband) enjoy a deserved prestige among books on New Mexico and Arizona Indians, is a better press agent for her husband than for herself. She says the great Dane is meticulous concerning historical events.

Good Reading

Lady Murasaki
THE LADY OF THE BOAT
"Knowledge of this book adds the same pleasure to life as knowledge of Shakespeare, Jane Austen, or Proust."—London Telegraph. $3.50

* * *

Jonathan Leonard
TRAFTON HELEN
"Leonard's novels provide an experience unlike any other offered by contemporary fiction."—New Republic. $2.00

* * *

Frances Frost
THESE ACRES
Poems by the author of "Blue Harvest." "Her book is both tonic and balm." William Rose Benét in the Saturday Review. $2.00

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

YES! Saturday Review readers *did* respond to our whispering campaign on "Puppets in Yorkshire" so quickly that we had to send post-haste to England for another edition—which is *now on hand!* Says the Saturday Review: "Intelligent, sensitive, and alive to everything encountered—like a true beloved vagabond Walter Wilkinson wheels his barrowful of puppets up hill and down dale in search of England. . . . His appreciation, expressed with a rare restraint,—equally of old towns and abbeys as of meadows and country lanes—makes the reader share his enthusiasms and forget the discomforts of a wet English summer for a pedestrian picking up hard-earned coppers as he goes. Like Christopher Morley's 'Parnassus on Wheels,' this little book should find a loving audience—for like them it reflects a spirit cultured and esthetic, and a personality warm annd human." . . . Says the Phœnician: "Where I have been all this time not to have heard of Walter Wilkinson, I can't imagine. . . . He makes Yorkshire live on the page for the reader. . . . This book is good material for that noblest of deck sports, contemplation." . . . Ask your bookseller to show you "Puppets in Yorkshire"—($2.00)—or if he can't, write us. FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, 443 Fourth Ave., New York.

WILL YOU, publisher or printer, give me a chance to show publishing ability? Nine years experience, last four as secretary of corporation in charge of manufacturing, contracts, copyright. Want opportunity with wide-awake firm, some capital. Address Box No. 68, c/o *Saturday Review.*

ATTENTION! Doctors Leslie Hotson; Samuel Tannenbaum; Hyder Rollins; A. S. W. Rosenbach; Burton Paradise; Herbert Cory; to mention a few. This is open to all. If work in Elizabethan literature which won a Doctorate is proven erroneous does that cancel the degree? George Frisbee.

TENANT for country house only 2½ miles from New Haven green; large library, gardens; can get very low rental for nine months or year by quick response—Editor, the *Saturday Review.*

PRINCETON MAN, aged 38, willing to accept any kind of work to support wife and child. Address D, c/o *Saturday Review.*

CULTURED young woman, college graduate, needs work—tutoring, companion, proof-reading, book-buying, etc. Experienced. Preferences: Literature, dogs, nature, old houses. Box 100, Burnleys, Va.

CURIOUS—London *Times* list of this year's novels recommended for summer reading includes 4 American titles, viz.: Cather, *Shadows on the Rock;* Faulkner, *Sartoris;* Morley, *Swiss Family Manhattan;* Stribling, *The Store.* Will lend you whichever you prefer.—DINOSAUR.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

WHY don't our better writers write better? Why do not editors really edit? Do publishers read the books they publish? These inner interrogations occasionally assail us. Particularly when, upon the very first page of *Manuel Komroff's* "A New York Tempest" we are affronted by two frightful "howlers." Hearken to this mellifluous sentence:

> But it was during the Great Fire that hatred made itself shown in lawlessness and it was during the trial, a year following, that the social fabric was ripped full open.

"Made itself shown"—"ripped full open" —ye gods and little fishes! What editor worth his salt would let such tortuosities pass. They may well rank with *Alexander Woollcott's* latest misprint, "There were all there." . . .

It seems to us that in the old days more care was exercised in editorial offices. At least, the firm for which we once worked had one man on it, the late *L. Frank Tooker,* who was a real editor. Mr. Tooker sometimes became too meticulous, but he respected the English language. We suggest that most New York editors begin to consult those illuminating volumes by the Fowler Brothers, of whom *George Dangerfield* writes interestingly in the latest *Bookman.* . . .

"A New York Tempest" is a rattling good yarn founded on fact, and it held us to the last page, but in the first section at least Mr. Komroff writes an English that often sounds like a bad translation from some foreign language. There are strange sentences. "The wall was not broken down *in* one blow." If one is referring to a high wind, a wall may be said to be toppled over *in* a "big blow," but if one means blow in the usual sense, surely the word is "*by.*" On page 40, "He conceded to all her demands." What Mr. Komroff means is either "acceded" or "conceded" without the "to." We are all the more savage about this because Mr. Komroff is one of our most interesting novelists. There is no excuse for slovenliness in his writing, and there is no excuse for editors who allow it to pass into print. At the risk of seeming pedantic and hypercritical, we strenuously object. . . .

We are glad to see a new novel by *Eleanor Chase* come from Sears. Four years ago she dedicated to *Arthur Somers Roche* her "Pennagan Place," which was a reckonable first novel. Miss Chase is now in private life Mrs. Maurice Fatio, and spends a lot of her time at Palm Beach. We first met her in the Algonquinized section of New York. But it is not of wise-cracking New York nor of social Palm Beach that she writes in her new story, "The Last of Wisdom," it is of a town in the Middle West called Eden. Miss Chase is at her best in characterizations that reflect the humorous cast of her mind. The title of her book is culled from a sentence by "*Antoine Bret*" (one of those *Cabellian* references?), "The first sigh of love is the last of wisdom." . . .

A public park has just been dedicated to *Frank Dempster Sherman* in Peekskill, New York, and a tablet erected to his memory. Whereat we toss our cap in the air, for in our youth we regarded the late Mr. Sherman as one of America's foremost light versifiers, and we see no reason to change our opinion now. The Houghton Mifflin Company are the publishers of his poems, edited, with a biographical and critical introduction by his old and intimate friend, *Clinton Scollard.* In the famous old days of *Life,* the Gibson girl days, both Mr. Sherman and Mr. Scollard appeared frequently in its pages. . . .

Not so long ago *Sophia Cleugh,* the English novelist, widow of *Denis Cleugh,* the actor, entertained as guests at her home on the Isle of Wight *Ben Ray Redman,* the poet and short story writer, and his wife, *Frieda Inescort,* distinguished both on the stage and in publishing circles. A new novel by Mrs. Cleugh, a story dealing with the French Revolution, has just been published in England. . . .

Catharine Brody's "Nobody Starves" has, in advance of publication, received considerable encomia from such distinguished people as *Sinclair Lewis, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Rose Wilder Lane, Arthur Garfield Hays, Faith Baldwin,* and *Margaret Widdemer.* Her novel is published by Longmans, Green. . . .

In regard to the price of seats for *Lillian Gish's* recent performance of "Camille" at the festival in Central City, *Lilian White Spencer* of Denver, Colorado, removes our bewilderment. She writes:

> The seats (tickets, with tax) were $2.75 each. The seats, at least some of them, were marked with names of pioneers or other noted Colorado citizens. Their families or friends were privileged to buy the *labelling* of said seats at one hundred dollars apiece.

A prominent American poet writes us of a letter recently received by him from the president of a well-known Southern State University. The Library of that University is making a collection of volumes autographed by authors and is asking the authors to send gratis at least one of their books complete with autograph. The letter also states, "postage to be reimbursed to you," which is certainly white of the president of a large university! The poet comments reasonably, "When even State University Libraries are unwilling to buy books, and presidents of universities are parties to the begging—how are authors expected to live, if at all!" We are entirely in accord with the poet. There is no possible excuse for this panhandling on the part of large institutions. . . .

A wonder comes to light! *Monsieur George Sim,* of Paris, has, at the age of twenty-eight, already written two hundred and eighty published detective stories! He is said to be a handsome youth of Breton-Dutch stock who can write an excellent book in four days! One was started in a glass cage for the sake of the publicity! He has sixteen pseudonyms, of which "Simenon" will probably become permanent. Covici-Friede are just introducing him to the American public by issuing two of his books simultaneously, "The Death of Monsieur Gallet" and "The Crime of Inspector Maigret." . . .

We look forward to Knopf's publication of "The Intimate Notebooks of *George Jean Nathan,*" to appear on the fifteenth of September. . . .

Miss *Vere Hutchinson,* an English novelist and the sister of the celebrated *A. S. M. Hutchinson,* died recently in London at the age of forty-one. . . .

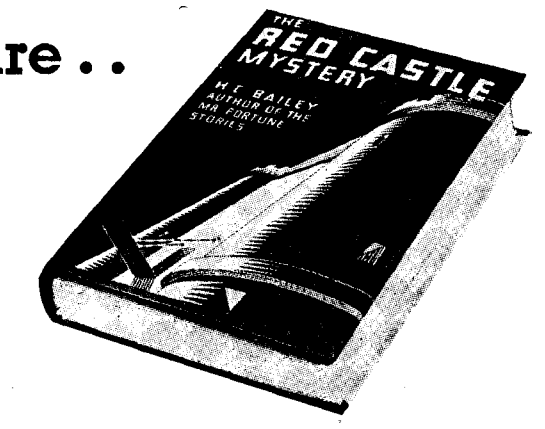
Speaking, as we were not, of the entertainment of literary personages, *E. F. Benson* turns back the clock to a long-ago London social-literary season in his "Charlotte Brontë" (Longmans, Green). *Thackeray,* it seems, gave a dinner, in that era, for *Charlotte Brontë,* and afterward invited a brilliant company to meet the new authoress. *Lady Ritchie,* Thackeray's daughter, recalls the affair in a letter. Hearken what befell!

> Everyone waited for the brilliant conversation which never began at all. Miss Brontë retired to a sofa in the study and murmured a low word now and then to our kind governess. The room looked very dark, the lamp began to smoke a little, the conversation grew dimmer and more dim, the ladies sat round still expectant, my father was too much perturbed by the gloom and the silence to be able to cope with it at all. Mrs. Brookfield, who was in the doorway by the study near the corner in which Miss Brontë was sitting, leant forward with a little commonplace, since brilliance was not to be the order of the evening.
>
> "Do you like London, Miss Brontë?" she said.
>
> Another silence, a pause, then Miss Brontë answered very gravely,
>
> "Yes and no."

Our felicitations to *Jimmy Reid,* textbook expert of Harcourt, Brace, and to *Helen Grace Carlisle,* author of that remarkable volume, "We Begin." They were married recently. We hope they'll be most salubrious. Also, what about *Elisabeth R. Bevier,* editor of Harcourt's juveniles, who was married on July 21st, last, to *Edwin T. Hamilton,* author of one of their fall juveniles, "Handicraft for Girls?" Another huzza! When the idea of marriage gets into any particular firm it sometimes spreads like wildfire. Within not so huge a space of time the Publisher of the *Saturday Review* took the great plunge, next one of the Contributing Editors fell off the raft, and now one of the pulchritudinous mermaids of the institution is contemplating like desperate measures!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

Like the Sherlock Holmes stories—this book is literature . .



● Once in a long time comes a writer of mystery stories whose work is also literature. E. C. Bentley, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, G. K. Chesterton—there aren't many of them. But this new novel marks the addition to the group of H. C. BAILEY, author of the Mr. Fortune stories, and now of

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a thrilling full length novel of murder and detection. The Crime Club will publish it on September 7. Ask your bookseller to reserve your copy now. It will bring you a new conception of how good a mystery story can be. 5½" x 7⅞", 320 pages. $2

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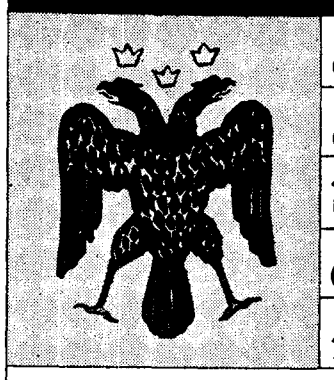

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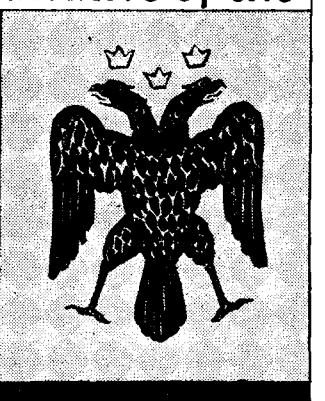

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